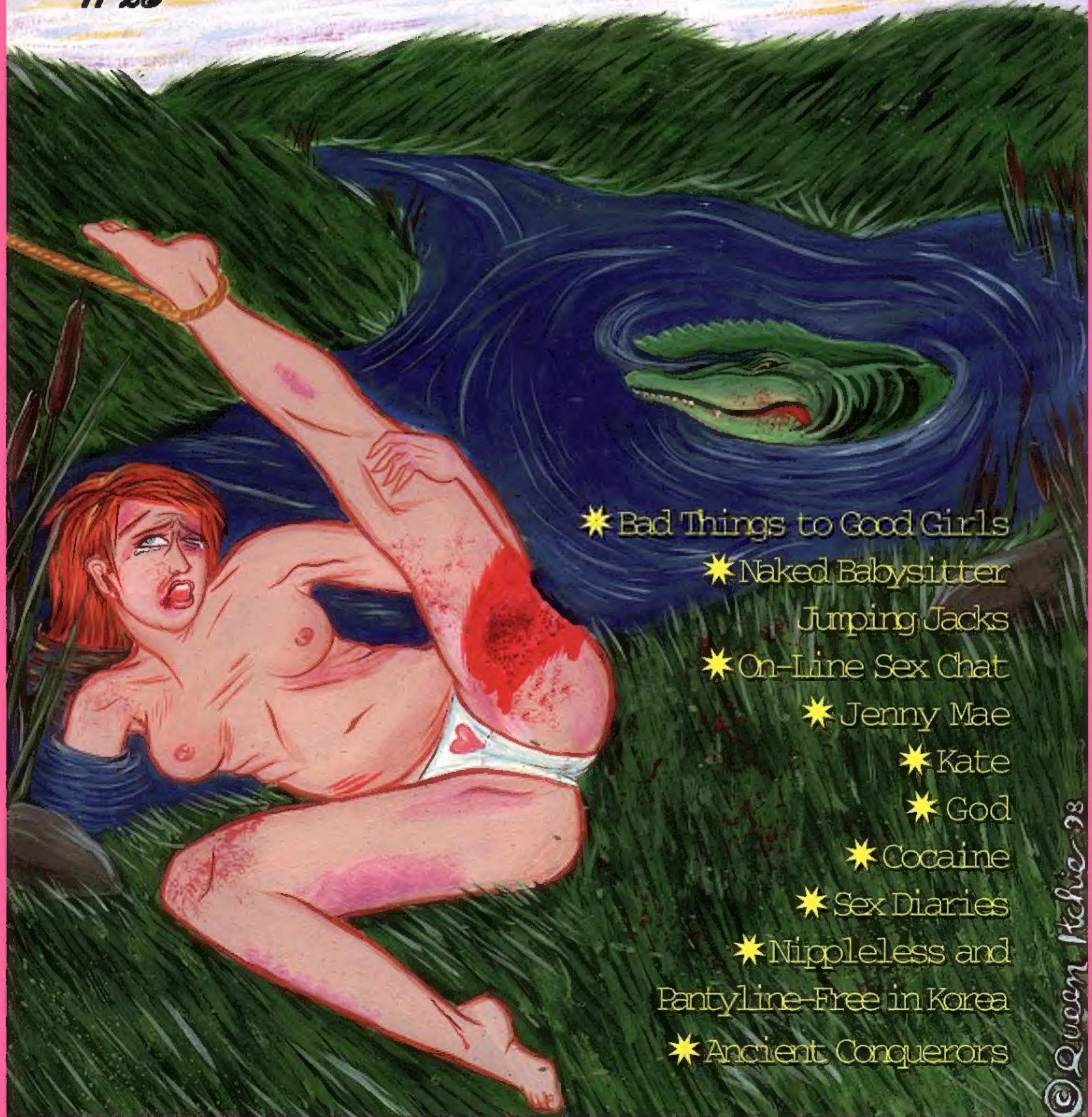


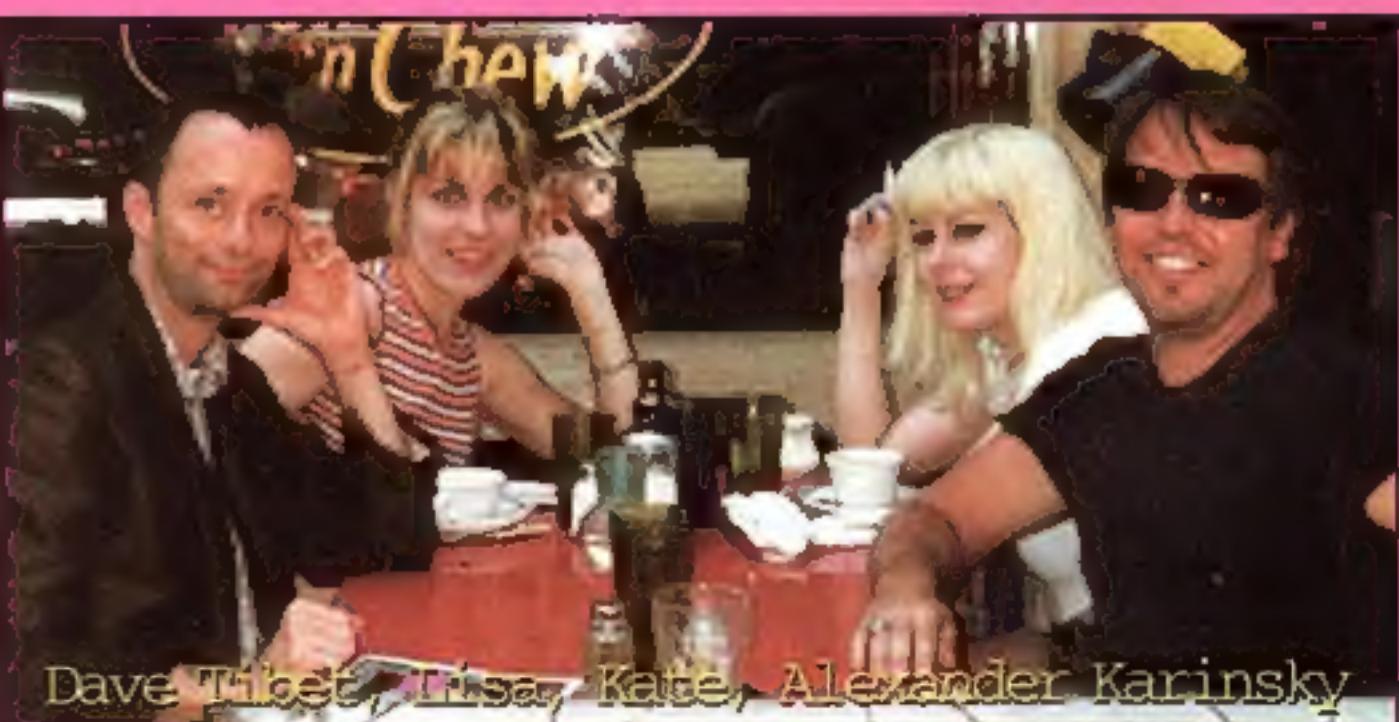
ROLLER DERBY

#28

\$ 4.00



- ★ Bad Things to Good Girls
- ★ Naked Babysitter
- Jumping Jacks
- ★ On-Line Sex Chat
- ★ Jenny Mae
- ★ Kate
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- ★ Ancient Conquerors



Sex Chat

There's two good words for on-line chats: chaotic and retarded. But some of the best things in life are chaotic and retarded. Where else can you get a conversation where one person says, "I really need someone to love tonight I'm so lonely" and the other person answers with "Anyone here done fisting?" I hosted Microsoft sex chats (MINT) for a couple months, here's a sample. (<lol> means "laugh out loud.")

LISA: Hi, what's everyone wearing?

MAC: Nothing.

TOOLBOX: Shorts.

JOEBIDEN: A holster.

HAWAIIAN QUICKSILVER: Would anyone like to chat with a girl from Hawaii?

JOEBIDEN: Lisa, is it bad that Generation L wasn't the blockbuster hit Preparation H was?

ROSS: Let's talk about oral sex.

JOEBIDEN: Lisa, are you trying to bury your Suckdog past and reinvent yourself like that Courtney Love chick?

MIKI: Who's bi here?

JOEBIDEN: Would you describe Boyd Rice's penis as "post-industrial" or "kitsch"?

LISA: I'm laughing out loud. Fuck you!

ISABELLE: I can't believe how many people are here. It is definitely confusing, isn't it.

LISA: We've got a bunch of animals in the chat room tonight--Teddybear, Seamonkey, Cougar, Wolf. Then the cosmic ones--Cometstar, Twinkles, Angel....

SEAMONKEY: I'm not much of an animal, unfortunately. Seamonkeys are sadly overlooked.

COUGAR: There's a little animal in all of us, don't you think?

LISA: Cougar, some of us are big animals, ones that bite the heads off of sheep.... Where did that come from?

SANDMAN: Lisa, seems like the experience you had, you would have been convinced that you didn't need artificial enhancements (breasts).

LISA: What are you--a hippie? Didn't you see *Tetsuo*?

FINTOR: Lisa--like others, you are trying to validate what nature gave you for free. In this world sex is dirty, sinful, the worst thing you can do to another. But if you think with your head you realize it's the most natural thing to do. We were born naked--everything else is learned through reading and trial and error. Love isn't just a good lay. Love comes from all elements of the relationship.

LISA: What?

JOEBIDEN: Wouldn't it be kinda hot to fist a pregnant woman? Y'know, punching the uterus and stuff? Child abuse can never start too early y'know.

WOLF: I just want to know if anyone sees anything wrong with whipping yourself and rubbing paint thinner on the sores? Also, I like to ride my harley really fast wearing nothing but my chaps.

MUSCLES: Lisa, you are a hot woman. Want to play?

LISA: "Muscles"--gee, how did you get that name?

MUSCLES: I'm a hot, beautiful man.

LISA: What is everyone else wearing?

ULTRAMAN: A necklace.

MUSCLES: I am wearing my briefs and am hot!

QMARC: Shirt and pants--working late at the office!!

MORRIS: Qmarc, the janitor's right behind you.

LISA: An office worker! My friend told me that yuppies are always in a hurry and never take their clothes all the way off and they love cocaine and anal sex...is this true? We went to the stock exchange to look at some and they never stopped moving, ever. They're like sharks--if they stop moving they go belly up and die!

LIZ: Hey take off your class ring.

JOEBIDEN: Well, hard-working public servant I am, this is giving me a raging soft-on. Later, new, improved ultrasheen Suckdog.

LISA: It's a bull market.

MUSCLES: My hands are ready to play with your clitoris.

ULTRAMAN: I am Ultraman and I am German.

MUSCLES: I take off my briefs?

ULTRAMAN: 5'10" 235 lbs bodybuilder living in Canada.

NICK18: Anal sex is good for fags. And good for the female because it's the only thing she has tight.

SNAZZY: Hey Lisa, I've been hanging out with this girl I like, for almost three weeks and I don't know how to make a move. What should I do? I think she likes me too.

LISA: Grab her!

SNAZZY: How long should I wait to have sex with her?

LISA: However long it takes to close the door! I think waiting is a good idea. But I am not too into good ideas!

SAILOR: Anyone here ever had a homo experience?

LISA: Me! After I did that, I had so much more respect for men. Because it is so mysterious down there. I just plunged in, and hoped for the best. It's not like a big stick, pointing upwards. It goes down--dark, uncharted territory.

LOUIE: I really need someone to love tonight I'm so lonely.

LISA: Anyone here done fisting?

GUNNER: Shit no, no pun intended.

Editor/publisher: Lisa Carver. Proofreader: Randy Roark. Cover art: Queen Itchie. Concept: Lisa and Itchie. That's Chance, Wolfgang's babysitter, doing naked jumping jacks (concept and video-capture by Matt Jasper; Lisa held the camera)--use it like a flip book. She was named after Elton John's "Suffragettes." Her mother thought he was saying "Chance!" Chance is a hot little number. 1/3 cheerleader, 1/3 Nietzschian, 1/3 psychotic (or are all those things the same?). At 23, she looks 16 and sounds nine. She dances wildly, takes off her hairband and swings it like a lasso all night long. No subject is unworthy of an article in her new zine, *Woo Hoo*. She just wrote a whole page entitled "I Hate Prunes!"

Rollerderby is at PO Box 474, Dover NH 03821 or <http://home.ici.net/~lisacc/>

I'm co-hosting a new sex chat--go to www.nervemag.com for info. Come on in!





MIKE: Never met anyone loose enough to fist, Lisa.

LISA: You have met about a million people big enough to fist, Mike. If a baby can come out...

GUNNER: I would like to be there in the emergency room explaining to the doctor how it accidentally got stuck up there!

LISA: I'm not talking about the butt, I'm talking about the sweet treasure trove. Stalk me!

BUTTERCUP: I used to work in a large metropolitan hospital. I don't care to elaborate, and you don't want to know.

LISA: I've never done it, but three women described it to me as "mind blowing." I want my mind blown. My goal in life now is to find a small fisted man.

BUTTERCUP: I have seen men bleed to death, and there was no nurse or MD who could do anything to help them or sew them back together. Think about it.

LISA: I'm not talking about sticking light bulbs up the butt! Just a human fist in the female human front-canal!

MISSY: Help! My husband is wanting sex

every night. I'm exhausted! I love my husband and I enjoy sex with him very much, but when I say no he sometimes gets upset.

LISA: Do fantasies where you don't have to move much: 1. you're the fresh and beautiful corpse and he's the insane mortician; 2. you're the housewife who takes a lot of sleeping pills when her husband is away on business, he's the cat burglar who just stopped in for the TV and computer, but is swayed to perversion by the sight of your lovely sleeping form.

BREA: While my girlfriend's sleeping at night, I pretend to be asleep myself, and begin making movements or sounds like I am having sex dreams. Getting her to wake up without being too obvious is the hard part. It's amazing how much she thinks I can actually do while asleep.

KMAN: How do I get my wife of 14 yrs. to suck cock?????

CHEZLING: Persistence is key. After 13 years my wife finally licked the big boy and now it's an integral part of sex.

DRSMITH: Has anyone tried having their

female partner drink enough beer to fill their bladder to bursting, then have intercourse with her bladder full beyond capacity?

LISA: Chez--lick the big boy??

DRSMITH: My advice to Kman... take lots of pollen extract, that way you'll bulge her jaws with the voluminity of your profuse ejaculation.

FLEA: Kman, you and your wife of 14 years need to talk more openly about what turns each other on. To phrase the question like this--suck my cock--suggests a bit of sexist domination on your part.

DRSMITH: Hey Lisa, howzabout I tickle your g-spot and you can drown me with a river of mingled wine.

FLEA: What is the social function of sex?

GUNNER: Continuation of the species is a biological function, not social.

FLEA: Why are women always portrayed as dumb objects for men's sexual pleasure?

GUNNER: Because it is men who read/watch the material and that's how they want them portrayed.

CHEZLING: Dr. Smith obviously has a headlight strapped to his finger.

LISA: Society is a mere toenail on the foot of biology. Flea, what book have you been reading?

FLEA: Do you read anything of great intellectual digestion other than *Playboy*?

LISA: Dr., do you think you could catch a fake orgasm?

FLEA: It's interesting to note the theme of these conversations--shallow discourse.

LISA: Suck my cock, Flea. I'm reading *The Pillow Book*, *Will To Power*, Tolstoy's *What Is Art?* and *The Selected Works of Mao*. You?

FLEA: I've not read any of Mao's stuff. I'm more interested in how possessive individualism came to be the dominant ideology in this country. So, I read a lot of Aristotle, Augustine and Lippmann.

LISA: Do you think that someone with excessive individualism would have better orgasms or someone with obsessive collectivism?

FLEA: I don't think you're phrasing the question right. I do think, however, that orgasms are much richer in group form.

DRSMITH: Well, to answer your

question, Lisa, I'd look for certain signs of true orgasm...goosebumps on the clavicle...the rhythm of her vaginal contractions...a profuse wetness. These signs aren't 100% reliable and not present in all women.

LISA: I never heard of the goosebumps on the clavicle before.

DRSMITH: You were probably too busy to notice.

LISA: Now I have to go and have an orgasm and look at my clavicles in the mirror.

DRSMITH: Some women get goosebumps...some fair-skinned women get streaks of coloring from their crotch up to their armpit. Spooky!! I saw the sex colors on a hooker in Texas. She was surprised she lost her professional composure and came like silly. Her skin went from white to near black in her crotch. It went up her body like a rash, then vanished. Before that, I saw a picture of it in a book, but it was a different pattern.

GYPER: Ex moved in, same bed--no touching...one month now. Driving me crazy. Any suggestions?

DRSMITH: Slip some pheromones in your aftershave, my good man.

KLAATU: Tell her to put out or get out.

DRSMITH: Any fans of rimming in the house?

KLAATU: Tongue the ass.

DRSMITH: Penetrating the anal cavity with the tongue (or, if you're Lebanese, the proboscis).

LISA: Dr., are you saying you got a Lebanese nose up your butt?

DRSMITH: No, Lisa, I refused to honor the offer.

HAMBONE: Hey Lisa baby, you remember the bone [from a previous chat].

LISA: Hambone, Hambone, where have you been?

HAMBONE: I been sticking my nose up butts.

DRSMITH: Subtlety is the benchmark of discretion.

LISA: Hambone, I've missed you.

HAMBONE: I missed you too, baby.

LISA: You have a fine way of showing it. You and your nose in a million butts. I don't know what to believe anymore. You wrung my heart and then you didn't use your calloused hands in my direction for two weeks. Life is empty.

HAMBONE: Damn, I'm naked and covered with jelly, let's get it on. You can come over my parents' house. I live in the basement.

LISA: Hambone, you are ultimately enticing.

HAMBONE: Got the peanut butter out now. And I earn minimum wage. 24 years old too.

BASHFUL: I have a problem meeting women because I get too nervous to ask out the women I am attracted to. No matter how hard I try I always seem to get nervous and I don't know what to do.

HAMBONE: Covered with jelly and peanut butter wanting to meet women so my parents would stop thinking I'm gay.

DRSMITH: Self-confidence training. Bashful. Try getting yourself hypnotized.

LISA: Bashful, write on a piece of paper, tape it on your nose and walk up to her. It would be cute.

NUGGET: Wear a disguise.

DRSMITH: Or Bashful can eat a couple yohimine biscuits. Washed down with a cup of pheromone tea.

HAMBONE: What do you write on the note: "Want to get it on?"

BASHFUL: Paper on my nose, eh? I don't know about that...at the age of 26 I'm not sure it would look cute or if I would look like an idiot.

LISA: You don't have to know. Trust me. Go. I'd fall for it!

HAMBONE: Where will you be then? I saw a woman shoplift a douche tonight at Walmart.

LISA: What's the biggest age difference between you and a sex partner, everybody?

QMARC: Is 15 years big enough??

LISA: Big enough for what?

TEDDYBEAR: 25.

LISA: Whoa!! In which direction were the 25 years? You leetch.

TEDDYBEAR: Her older. I was 23, she was 48.

LISA: How was it?

TEDDYBEAR: Wonderful. Very seasoned lady.

LISA: Donnajean, you are being awfully quiet. Let's talk behind Donnajean's back.

TEDDYBEAR: I am single now. Where would I find more women like that?

LISA: Well, take an ad out in the newspaper. 64-year-old women have needs too. No one out there to fill them but Teddybear. This is your chance to make the world a better place. They must have a lot pent up down there.

QMARC: 25 minutes is not long enough to warm up.

LISA: Goodness, I get warmed up saying hi.

TEDDYBEAR: I get warmed up when the

wind blows.

LISA: I could get warmed up ice-fishing with an Eskimo.

BLUES: So Lisa, you don't mind a menage de troi?

LISA: It's great--twice the thrills, half the work. Why, do you want one? Ah, yes, I'm an accessible host.

SEAMONKEY: My boyfriend wanted me to lick his asshole. I don't want to. What is a nice way to get around that?

TEDDYBEAR: Girls love their brown eyes licked.

BLUES: I luv licking brown eyes!

LISA: You guys are a bunch of perverts.

SEAMONKEY: So what do I do, lick or no lick--will it upset him?

LISA: That is such a sticky question! How do you get around it?

SEAMONKEY: It stinks.

TEDDYBEAR: Be honest and say you don't like it, and substitute something else.

LISA: Teddybear, but how would you feel if you offered your secret spot up and someone denied it?

TEDDYBEAR: Elaborate on what you mean, Lisa.

LISA: I mean, just go ahead and lick. It's no big deal. As long as they bathed recently. I mean, how would you feel if you offered your self and someone said no to a section of that self?

TEDDYBEAR: I would say your loss and move on.

LISA: What? Not being able to lick your butthole is my loss?

GOODGIRL: We all share in that loss, Lisa.

QMARC: Lisa, there are so many things to do in bed, why obsess on something you know your partner doesn't like??!!

LISA: I'm not the one obsessing! I'm just thinking of the owner of the brown hole.

GOODGIRL: This conversation has truly run its course. Time to flush, says I.

SEAMONKEY: I don't like to swallow either.

GOODGIRL: Swallowing builds character.

LISA: Two things I don't understand about sex: one of them is toes, the other is fruit.

MIKE: Try eating grapes with your feet.

LISA: Eww. Why on earth would I want to do that?

MIKE: Why would you want to lick the hershey highway?

LISA: I don't know, because it's already there. You don't have to put a



grape in it. Anyway, I didn't say I want to, I just said I do.

MIKE: Can I add something?

LISA: Go ahead. You don't need to stand on ceremony in this room.

QMARC: I'd stand on Ceremony if she was cute!

LISA: Oh please.

SEAMONKEY: I don't like one night stands anymore.

LISA: One night stands rock! They haven't had time to annoy you, they whip out their entire deck of tricks for you, and you do the same, then you go home--it's great! That's my immature attitude though, I'm immature, I suppose.

MIKE: I had sex two days ago with my live-in girlfriend, and I just lost an aunt to cancer. Call it emotional support.

BESTFRIEND: That's not emotional! It is emotional...but for a dead aunt?

MIKE: Didn't start that way, just hugging and crying and such. It just sort of progressed.

BESTFRIEND: That makes me feel a little bit sick to my stomach...I mean it's not a big deal, but somehow...I just don't want to connect those feelings (dead aunt, shoulder to cry on...sex).

LISA: People die all the time. You can't

stop having sex.

QMARC: Unless, of course, you die having sex!!!

WILLYGILLIGAN: Lisa, how do prostitutes and dancers (or just you) feel about the men they are performing for? Do they feel degraded or empowered?

LISA: I love men. I think they're the second best sex there is.

BLONDIE: What do you think about genital piercing and is it beneficial?

LISA: My ex had a bar through the head of his penis and when he peed he had to sit on the toilet because the stream of urine split and would make a mess.

VALENTINE: I saw a web site where you can buy a deluxe silicon doll for \$4000. They looked like supermodels.

WILLYGILLIGAN: Wouldn't someone be admitting utter defeat by paying \$4000 for a doll?

LISA: Hey, which is better--with lingerie or naked?

PLANE: With lingerie.

POGO: Lingerie just gets in the way.

PLANE: Slightly sheer, but seductive too.

LISA: My friend Matt has sex with his wife with her underwear on. He doesn't move them to the side--he plunges in with them on! He says it's like breaking her

hymen night after night.

MUMSY: Lots of things turn me on. For example, sexy shapes, perfume, sheer lingerie, soft music....

LISA: How about a belt? A big belt, Mumsy?

VALENTINE: Yeah, you need a whippin'.

MSCRYSTAL: I like high heels...white stockings...blue negligee.

LISA: Tantalizing Tiffany hasn't said anything. What is particularly tantalizing about you, Tiffany?

TANTALIZINGTIFFANY: My eyes and attitude, Lisa.

RARA: Lisa, are women exciting to you????

WANKA: Lisa, ever been in a sandwich?

LISA: What, did you guys just enter the room? Yeah, women are mysterious, lovely, and they have tantalizing eyes and attitude, yes, attitudes....

TANTALIZINGTIFFANY: I think it's the presentation...and lack of!!!!

LISA: Women can be devious. And deviousness can make for a seductive evening. Men are not devious. They are more sneaky and sly.

MSCRYSTAL: What's the difference between devious and sneaky?

LISA: Men lie for clear reasons. You



never know why a woman is lying.

MSCRYSAL: <lol> I don't agree. I always have a reason.

HOTSTUFF: Lisa was using devious as a pleasant euphemism for liar.

MSCRYSAL: I like the good men. I like the bad men too.

HOTSTUFF: Some women like the nice men who are evil inside and some women like the evil men who are nice inside.

LISA: Hotstuff, you are hot, yet wise.

HOTSTUFF: No, I'm just stuff.

LILJOE: Hello!! Any females wanna have phonesex tonight? Just whisper to me.

HOTSTUFF: Subtle!

LISA: Hotstuff, I flirted with you, and now I figured out who you are. Damn you, Hotstuff. Damn you to hell.

HOTSTUFF: So what if you know who I am, Ms. Lisa?

LISA: I know more than you think.

HOTSTUFF: Well, I don't think much.

LISA: That leaves you more time for action, Hotstuff.

HOTSTUFF: Oh yeah.

WANKA: Cancel your credit cards, Hotstuff. Look, Dick is here and speechless.

HOTSTUFF: That's the best kind of dick, right?

SAMPLE: I want to suck that clit raw.

HOTSTUFF: Sweetpee is in the room.

SWEETPEA: :)

HOTSTUFF: Are you into watersports, Sweetpee?

LISA: Ooh, there's a daddy in the room. Daddy, I've been a very bad girl.

SWEETPEA: Pea, not pee!

LISA: I didn't wash my hands, Daddy. (He's the strong, silent type, I guess.)

CHEZLING: Beat me Daddy.

LISA: Yeah, Hotstuff, you talk a lot. I have my suspicions about you and the pee pee.

HOTSTUFF: Do you?

SAMPLE: Hell yeah, I'll make the juices come.

LISA: Orange juice.

ALLEN2THOMAS: Who wants to talk about blowjobs?

HOTSTUFF: You, obviously.

LISA: Blowjobs are pretty obvious. You suck on the thing, and whatever else you think of.

HOTSTUFF: Rubbing it on your face and neck is nice.

WANKA: Teeth are nice--no biting, just more friction, a different type of friction.

LISA: Vibrators are for men too. Vibrators are so awesome.

KELIB: Oh Lisa, I am sorry you have to

rely on the energizer bunny for your pleasure.

LISA: What are you talking about? I don't rely on the energizer bunny. I just have good relations with the energizer bunny.

TITIT: Put your tongue up her ass and you'll really get her attention!

HOTSTUFF: Yeah, cuz she'll wonder what the fuck she sat on.

BURN: Lisa, would you rather sit on a rigid dick or a face with a smart tongue?

MSCRYSAL: Rigid dick...oops...you said Lisa.

LISA: Do I have to choose? I'll take rigid dick, is that door number one?

HOTSTUFF: You'll take a rigid dick in door #1?

DAN: Here's the thing...I've been married 12 years this Monday...wifey decides she wants a divorce...have never screwed around on her...but now...I don't want to necessarily dive into another long-term relationship right away...but would like to find somebody who enjoys "recreational sex"...shall we say...is there such a woman?

MSCRYSAL: No, Dan, there is no such woman. Billions of women on the planet ...but not one enjoys recreational sex.

DAN: I'm serious...every woman I've ever met wants some long-term thing...that's OK...but just not into it right now...

MSCRYSAL: You will have to join the monastery.

BAMBI: So, like, what would be recreational about sex? You don't mean using jump ropes and stuff...do you?

DAN: OK...so how come I don't meet ladies like you in the real, non-cyber world, Ms. Crystal?

MSCRYSAL: Because women have real life issues to be concerned about...i.e., rappers, nutcases, AIDS. They can't just jump into bed.

DAN: Men have those same issues Ms. Crystal. Well, maybe not rapists, but there are plenty of female nutcases and such out there.

MSCRYSAL: Do you want me to kiss it and make it better?

PRINCE: I have a problem. I have hair on the shaft of my penis. I have no idea whether this is normal or not.

LISA: The whole shaft? Frankly, no--I don't think that's normal. That sounds interesting...how would it feel to the girl to have a stiff but fuzzy rod running across one's belly or up one's thighs towards ...and inside--what must it feel like then?

QMARC: Actually, hair on a penis is

perfectly normal. In most cases, it is fairly fine on the outer part of the shaft, but it can be coarser in some individuals. If Prince has a significant concern, he might want to consult with a dermatologist.

BIGSTICK: 32/m/SC.

HAMBONE: How big is that stick?

ACEROD: Does anyone have advice on relationships?

HAMBONE: Spank. Spit. Spank.

LISA: That's Hambone's relationship advice? That's real good relationship advice, except there should be more spanking than spitting, please.

ACEROD: I've been with this one girl for over a year now, and we've only had sex twice.

SLICK: See ya, wouldn't want to be ya.

BOOTSIE: My advice is *ask* her why you've only had sex twice--weird.

LISA: Don't ask her. Tell her. Tell her that she's going to have a third time tonight, Acerod you poor fellow.

HAMBONE: Lisa, you are one hot tamale.

LISA: Hambone, you are a hot hambone.

HAMBONE: Thanks baby, I'm the baddest bone in town.

BLAH: How often should a couple have sex to be considered "normal"?

HAMBONE: 32 on weekdays (by myself), 54 on weekends (also by myself).

TRICKY: Hambone, you're oversharing.

GYM: Well, Hambone never has to worry about looking his best.

MUDFLAPS: Do u like to be on top having sex?

LISA: It's too hard being on top. My knees start bleeding. They do!

MATTHEW: I like the internet and cars and other stuff.

HAMBONE: Cool guy.

BOOTSIE: <lob> Hambone.

LISA: Bootsie, hands off that hambone!

HAMBONE: Don't fight over the bone, there is enough bone to have your own.

BOOTSIE: Can we have you at the same time, Hambone?

BLAH: Lisa, I understand you have a boyfriend: what does he look like? And no, I'm not gay.

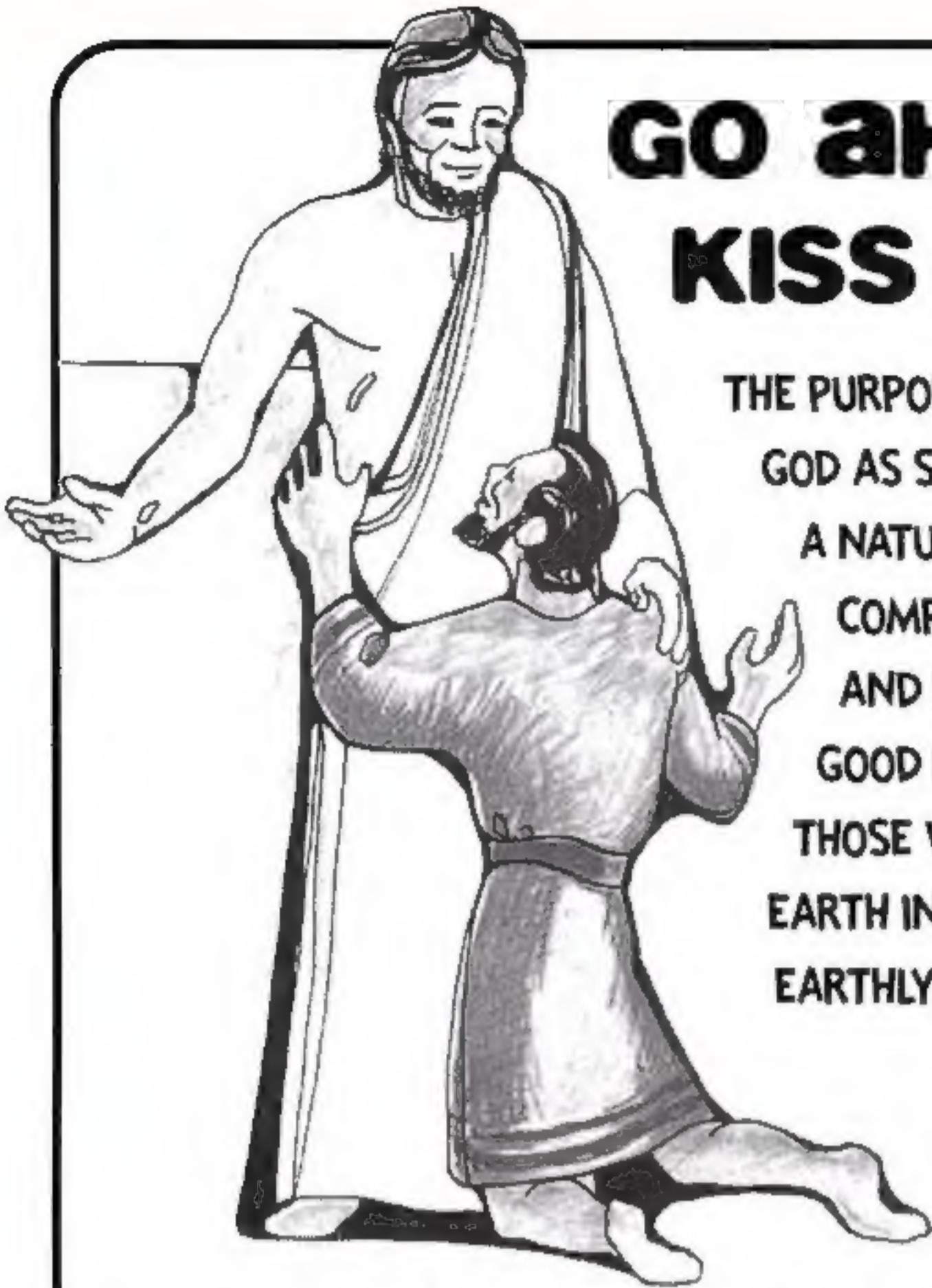
LISA: The boyfriend is gone. We had a fight about the movie theatre attendant.

SUSAN: Movie theatre attendant?

LISA: I'm down with the masses. Don't fuck with movie theater attendants or waiters--solidarity! The lower classes must unite!

BEN: I like sex with hookers.





GO ahead KISS THE FUCKer

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HAMBONE: Will you marry me, Lisa?

LISA: No, you'd make too big of a mess on the carpet, Hambone.

HAMBONE: Damn.

JDR: OK everyone. Most embarrassing moment during a sexual encounter.

HAMBONE: Every one of them.

LISA: You want the truth? It was after particularly vigorous anal intercourse. You can guess the rest. I am being honest.

MATTHEW: I was playing with this girl once, and I found this weird, jello-y polyp thing.

BLAH: When my parents caught me.

LISA: My mom caught me streaking with a baldhead wig and high heels on.

HAMBONE: That happened to me too.

LACEY: I called my boyfriend by my ex-husband's name.

LISA: My mom said, "What are you doing?" Like it wasn't obvious. "I'm streaking through the neighborhood in my baldhead wig, Mom!"

MATTHEW: One time my dad came home and I put on my girlfriend's shorts by accident in the dark.

HAMBONE: Hey Matthew, one time your dad came home and I put on your mom's panties.

AMBER: Having sex in a public park, interrupted by the Park Ranger who politely asked us to get dressed and leave the park. Don't know who was more embarrassed, *<lol>*

HAMBONE: I was caught masturbating during sex once.

LISA: Hey, I gotta recommend this new thing, face-slapping.

QMARC: Maybe it would be better to slap some other parts. The face is just too dangerous!!

JOJO: Lisa you are not helping battered women any with that attitude.

LISA: The danger is enticing. You don't have to slap their face *off*, QMarc, it's just the idea. Jojo, there's plenty of people helping battered women already, they don't need me too.

ANGEL2U: I love my butt being rubbed.

MARKH: I like to take walks on the beach at sunset and candlelight dinners.

LISA: You sound like a beauuuuuutiful man.

MARKH: I once rented a hotel room for my g-friend and I decorated it with roses, candles and a bottle of nonalcoholic wine.

LISA: Are you serious?

MARKH: Yes.

LITTLECUTTYS: The ability to let you know that it is not just a physical thing. Just to hold you close enough to breathe in and become enticed.

LOSTGAL: I like music, sunsets, nature...

LISA: That's all fine and good, Lostgal, but what are your measurements? Not to be rude, but I've got to know.

LOSTGAL: Not rude Lisa *<lol>* 36-28-38.

LISA: Lostgal! Whooo! Whooo! I'm in favor of Lostgal.

LITTLECUTTYS: How about you, Lisa?

LISA: I don't know. 35-25-35, I would guess.

PARALYZED: Anyone had sex with a paraplegic?

LISA: No, but it sounds interesting. Can you get an erection?

PARALYZED: You get what's called a reflex erection. But it takes a lot of stimulation to maintain it.

LISA: Does it feel good?

PARALYZED: Can't feel down there. I'm a T5-6 para. Cut the spinal chord in half.

LISA: Can you have an orgasm?

PARALYZED: Not the same as an able-bodied person. It's very hard to describe.

WOO-HOO!

BACK TO THE ORIGINAL

A fanzine about life, liberty, and the pursuit of sadistic, witty charm. Enter inside my world of spying, seducing, stalking, and of course, complaining. Learn my wisdom and way of life as only I can teach through my own personal experiences. For Premiere issue, send \$2.50 to: Woo-Hoo!, P.O. Box 1103, Dover, NH 03821-1103



Chance's fanzine

You get flushed.

LISA: Do you feel excited in your mind, say when you see boobies? Do you like to make out?

PARALYZED: Both. When given the opportunity.

LITTLECUTTYS: Randii, are you m or f?

RANDII: F.

LISA: How do you meet girls, Paralyzed?

PARALYZED: Haven't had a girlfriend for five years. Girlfriend left me when I got paralyzed.

LITTLECUTTYS: Hey Randii, how old? What are you interested in tonight?

LISA: Littlecuttys, just because I am paying attention to Paralyzed, you don't have to run around the room with everyone. Slut.

PARALYZED: There is a prescription drug called Papavorine. This is a hormone that will help me get erections.

LISA: I'm hoping you can score tonight. Where are you?

PARALYZED: California.

LITTLECUTTYS: I am still waiting for a response from Randii.

LISA: Littlecuttys, you swing both ways? Do you swing the paralyzed ways?

LITTLECUTTYS: Not! I am looking for adventurous women.

PARALYZED: The only bad thing about Papavorine is that it must be injected in "the member."

LISA: I hear that after you inject it, it lasts up to 12 hours. Is that true?

PARALYZED: Longer if you're not careful. If I do ejaculate it most likely will go into the bladder.

LITTLECUTTYS: Arrene, what will arouse you tonight?

ARRENE: U.

LISA: Paralyzed, you haven't gotten any action for five years?

PARALYZED: Probably about four times.

ARRENE: I'll eat u like spaghetti. With a slurping sound.

LISA: How old are you, Paralyzed?

PARALYZED: I am 28.

BOOBOO: LC, I'm always trying to find

that one new thing to keep the wife excited and interested.

LISA: I think you should dress up like a mugger and come through the window.

(preplanned) get your man to say, "I dare you to kiss her" for the dare.

LOVE: It is really hot to watch two girls exchange my cum back and forth between

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Mug her love.

BOOBOO: Good one. However, the only windows open are over a yard with a biting mutt.

LISA: Anyone here ever have group sex?

ARRENE: Two guys having a blowjob and the other one is fucking her from behind.

LISA: That's one hard-working woman.

ARRENE: Fun, but sometimes u wanted the girl for yourself.

LISA: Oh my goodness, you're a man--does Littlecuttys know?

ACESRWILD: A threesome--my friend did not discuss it with me prior to it happening. We were in the throes of passion and I felt another mouth enter the picture.

LISA: I got a wicked good threesome story: me and this girl got tied up and blind-folded and we had to tell each other what the guy was doing to each of us. It was totally hot!

their mouths before swallowing!

VALENTINE: Love, you are gross.

FELIX: Fantasy is always better than reality.

LISA: That is not so. A fantasy can't grab you, reach out and hack you.

ACESRWILD: Hack?

PRETTY: I was watching the chat and noticed a lot of talk or implications about girls and lesbian sex. Is it getting to be that popular? I want to try it but I need some encouragement.

LISA: Girls are really soft.

PRETTY: Lisa, I am interested.

LISA: Pretty, whisper me your private email address. Do you know how to whisper on a chat so no one else will see it?



Why Do Bad Things Happen To Good Girls

On the Cover of Rollerderby?*

RD6 [at right] Dreamy girl with burning heart slicing open flesh over ribs, and hand between the legs, beautiful snowflakes in background (Dame Darcy drawing)

RD9 Carrie-like blood dripping down white slip and bare legs (Dame Darcy photo)

RD11 Fairy princess with blood coming out of her mouth, decapitated stuffed animals, blood instead of water in vase of roses (Cindy Dall photo)

RD12 Sexy mama in white slip with blood in mouth and on knees, petting man face-down on bed with his brain shot out and splattered on the walls; butterfly caught in the blood (Cindy Dall photo)

RD14 Cheerleader hanging from noose, sparkles around her head (Cindy Dall photo)

RD17 Cat with unknowable expression on face, broken-neck white goose in mouth, blood, tiny stars all about--not human girl, but same feel to it (Lisa Carver drawing)

RD19 Murdered little girl's ghost rises out of canopy bed in white cotton nightgown (Dame Darcy drawing)

RD20 Triplets with black eyes, bloody noses and knocked-out teeth, crying (Dame Darcy drawing)

RD22 Dead waif at abandoned convenience store, large bloody pipe lying next to her, flames rising (Liz Armstrong photo)

real swollen eye real booze real mad
↓ ↓ ↓
real black eye



Lisa Carver & Dame Darcy, 1992

At right: Lisa playing dead on the streets of Brooklyn, 1998 (shot by Peter Norman for the Swedish magazine Bibel)... I shaved my legs to death. Black electrical tape crosses over the eyes.../crack me up.



I asked my rabbi why, in most of Judaism, women can't be rabbis. He said it's because women already have the connection to God while men have to take steps to get there, they have to use prayer and study, organize it, construct something. Women fly right through the organization. Women's prayers, said the rabbi, are like sparks of fire--closer to God, more powerful, dangerous. How can women instruct men on how to get to God when they're already there and they've always been there? The flame can't explain how to burn, it just burns.

I don't know why female love--pure love feeling not attached to a particular person, I mean--is so expressed in mutilation, blood, sparkles and white nightgowns. I just know it is. Ecstasy is a violent, violent feeling. It is a wild, raping wind with glitter on its crest and broken bones in its wake. It is a part of us that traveled around the globe, gathering speed, to meet us on the other side...a mirror that knocks us down and cuts our legs off with its jagged edge, and we're thankful, because that's the

closest we're ever going to get to meeting something bigger than ourselves. The girl is open, open, open wide.

*The other common type of RD cover is good things happening to bad girls: very happy girls with lots of makeup and no clothes on, waving like they're the Queen of England.



Letters

You horrible girls, you and Rachel! That "soul-discerning" from promo photos was really disconcerting. I was spooked how quick and precise you were. Then I started looking at the photos before reading your analysis of them, to see what I would see. Nothing happened. Then I read what you saw in them, and when it was the same razorsharp dissection, I was worried. Apparently I'm slightly autistic. Like many men, I'm hopeless at reading people. I don't believe in 6th sense or anything like that, you must just be incredibly observant, is all. I'm not stupid--I can understand, I just don't see. I even know what Liz Alexander meant when she wrote you (Lisa) are ugly! It's the same quality which makes you so attractive: that healthy, farmer's daughter, continent-conquering look. An example of how men disregard content when looking: Monet was disgusted with himself when he sat beside his dead wife and could not look at her without being intrigued by the interesting play of light on her newly pale cheeks. Typically male, huh? But then, all the great artists are male. On the other hand, when men try to be emotional and psychological, it's less interesting. For instance, Costes' analyses of the photos was far less authentic than yours and Rachel's, he seemed to be much more concerned about how he himself appeared and tried to be witty, whereas you two were frighteningly natural. Maybe girls are too interested in other people to be artists? (Since artists are obsessed with their own reaction to other people more than the other people themselves.) Men couldn't write like you, not even gays (too bitchy). I totally admire what you do, but you know, there are other things too. For instance, you say what you really care about is the people having the sex more than the sex itself, but I think what you are most obsessed with is truth. Truth is fascinating, but not everything. Take beauty, obviously even less definable than truth; some say beauty is truth, others vice versa, but I think beauty is a lie which is a truth. One more thing: I know you're deliberately provoking to make people think, but this dichotomy-thing concerning sexist/sensualist is so puritanical in a way.

—Andy K. K., London

Lisa, your son is a genius--at three, he displays more knowledge of the female psyche than most men do at 35. Ladies like the round and round? They sure do, Car Alarm [that's the moniker Wolfgang has given himself]. They sure do.

--Keara Shipe, New Zealand

P.S. I don't think you're ugly. I think you closely resemble Olivia Newton-John at the end of *Grease*, when she gets all permed and tanned up!



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I want to tell you about a famous person's penis that I saw a while back. Yeah, um, Barry Williams, Greg from *The Brady Bunch*, came to our college on his speaking tour and I went to see the show. beforehand, I went into the restroom. I was standing there doing my business when someone came and occupied the urinal next to mine. I looked over and noticed that it was Greg Brady, Johnny Bravo himself. It was hard to register that I was taking a piss next to Barry Williams and when I looked over again I saw his celebrity pee pee and he wasn't making any effort to cover it up. I mean most guys try not to wave their meat around for the whole restroom to see. The size was average I suppose, I don't know. Thanks for reading.
—signed, No one.

Lisa, I am constantly horny and constantly

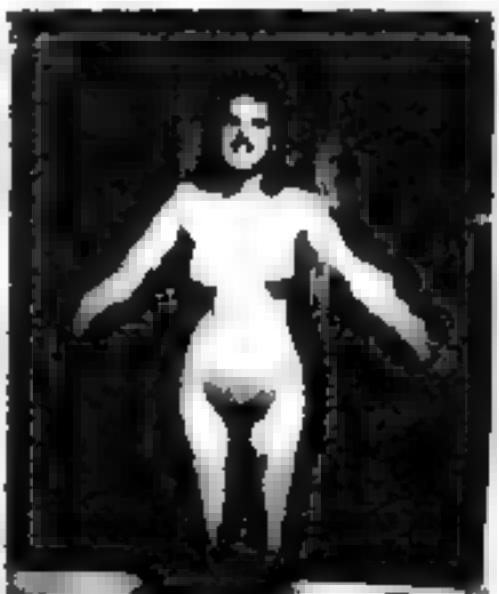
HARD at night when I'm laying on my bunk in my cold concrete cell, deprived of my freedom to enjoy the quality companionship and all the hot sex-action I like until I am released from state prison in the next couple years. I hope you are not too quick to pass judgment over me? I often find myself in my cell locked-up with a Big Huge Raging HARD-ON that throbs intensely and a long hard Rod that aches to be sucked on! So I am often fantasizing about how nice it would be for me to have a Naughty willing Female able to enjoy my hard Cock all the way up in her ASS! Full of hard Dick the way she likes it or wants it. Lisa, I'll confess to my liking to enjoy a tight Girl's ASS that spreads wide to swallow all my FAT 8-INCH of Meat! Lisa, I wish your little hand was near so you could try to wrap your small hand around my thick shaft as I have you touch to feel how hard I am. I do believe you would meet my FAT Throbbing Hard Member with absolute approval and a eagerness to swallow every inch of my throbbing Manhood into one of your Hot hungry holes starving for COCK! Sincerely with all due Respect and a Hard-Throbbing COCK!

--Robert, San Diego CA

I think the message of this letter is perfectly encapsulated in just the capitalized words: HARD HARD-ON ASS! FAT 8-INCH FAT COCK! COCK!-LC

Here is my magazine, *Puberty Strike*. I've been reading *Rollerderby* for a while and like everyone else in the nation, I love it. I read your "Suicide '97" thing just after my dad committed suicide and I was like "Fuck Lisa Carver, she's an asshole," but over the past couple of months I've realized what a huge topic suicide is. In books, magazines, songs and films, they're talking about it everywhere. So I'm not mad at you anymore and the things you say to Alec Empire are pure genius. Make me laugh. Plus, I'm no sensualist. I made my sensualist pals read your article, I think it made them angry. Good. Damn freaks of nature.

--love, your 17-year-old fanboy Seth, Tucson AZ





★ Cocaine ^{by LC} I only do coke once or twice a year, & now I remember why - it's because the Couch Zone can get you. That's where you have as much energy as a big airplane, but it's not safe to be anywhere but this Zone spot. Here's where I realize I could not put my feet off of Amy Kellner's couch. Here I am attempting to find serenity within the Couch Zone.) I give up on serenity, and try to claw my way out. ▾

Then... I see salvation! The Joan Jett album! If only I can make my way to that album, I'll be safe... ▾

Made it! Thank you, Joan! All this happened in five minutes... during which time I managed to change my clothes ten times.

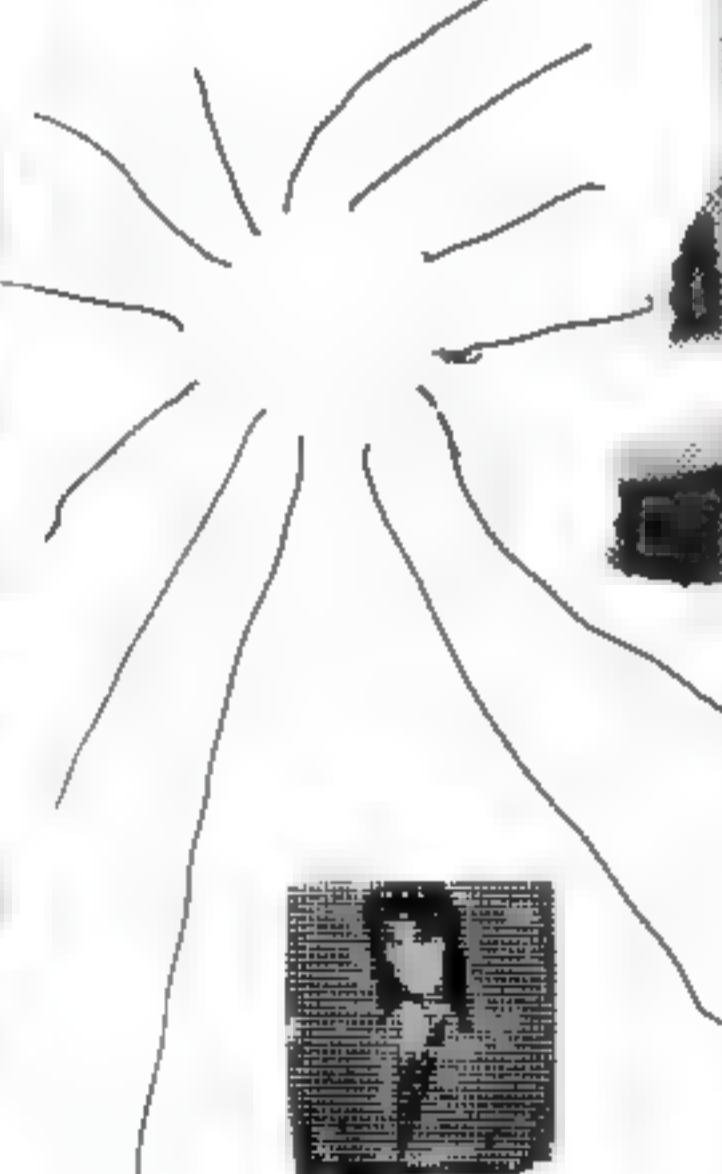


Once we got outside, we couldn't believe we were

free. ~~We~~

had escaped the zone, and eternity stretched before us,

lights so bright and wild.



And then we went to a party and I fell asleep.

Reviews

The Donnas vs. No Neck Blues Band vs. the salsa band at Carlito's Way

Dame Darcy pointed out that New Yorkers judge life by what street it happened on. If someone saw someone get run over, they would tell their friends about it like this: "Man, I was just on Avenue A and 1st, and I saw this guy on a bike get run over and be *died!*" In one night, I attended three shows, each broadcasting the location from which it emanated.

1.

The area: West 131st Street. A cul de sac of high art on the border of Harlem?

The band: No Neck Blues. Some men banged on pans and sinks and instruments while a Japanese woman knelt on a towel and screamed into a light. This went on till five in the morning.

Conversation: I asked two audience members to double-dare me to tickle the screaming woman. They wouldn't. So I asked for a single-dare. They said, "We can't do that for two reasons: one, she's a friend of ours; two, she's screaming to express the pain of Hiroshima."

How the man we met there was dressed: Blue and white checked button down with v-neck argyle non-matching sweater, tan chinos. Dark wool coat.

Related facial injury: Well, my ears were really ringing.

2.

The area: Brooklyn Heights. This is where Kate and Peter Landau live. Whenever I drive down there and no one's home from work yet to meet me and I'm locked out, I hang out with a dozen or so Puerto Ricans who hardly speak English but we communicate fine with smiles and nods. They have these hang-out chairs and they always offer me one.

The band: The house band (salsa) at Carlito's Way, a bar only three doors down from Kate and Peter's but they've never been there--Peter said he was scared to. You could dance to the music. Linda sure did! Linda is this motorcycle momma New Hampshire white trash friend of the family I snuck into New York for the weekend.

Conversation: About 17 men said, "Linda, I lo-o-ove you." Then one guy said, "There is nothing lovely about you. You wear a wedding ring and yet you dance with men. You should be home with your husband. You do not respect him." Linda said, "Hey! If my husband was respecting me, he wouldn't be in jail right now! So don't tell me shit about respect!" I thought that was just about the best comeback I'd ever heard in my life.

How the man we met there was dressed: Linda brought home a man in jeans, flannel shirt and boots. But, according to Linda, "ain't no panties dropping to the floor--we just smoked a doobie. He took his boots off and--wooh!, about knocked me out! When I cheat on my husband, it's gonna be for something go-oood."

Related facial injury: He had knife wounds all over his face!!!

3.

The area: Manhattan, lower east side--known for rock and sex. I imagine it must be known for other things to other people, but since I'm always there with Kate, that's what I'm exposed to. I do see an inordinate number of leather jackets there. The '60s band The Fugs proudly proclaim all over their songs, "We're on the east side, the lower east side!" Then they elaborate: "Deep inside your belly/when you feel my laser beam/screamin' and a-moanin' with frenzy/pantin' like a primitive beast!" Not terribly subtle, but no one's saying it's not spirited!

The band: The Donnas are very much like the Ramones, but all four are teenagers named Donna. It's really good! Crabby rock critics are disturbed that supposedly they come from upper-middle-class families, like only the lower classes can be disenfranchised and rebellious. But the Donnas' song-writing vocabulary consists of about 25 words, including "night," "tonight," "Saturdaynight" and "doyouknowwhatimean?" No matter what your socioeconomic background, when you perform an entire concert with just 25 words, you know you rock.

Conversation: I think we all just said "awesome" and I said I felt that their tight, matching t-shirts added something to the music.

How the man we met there was dressed: In a skin-tight black nylon half-shirt with KISS spelled out in rhinestones and I don't know what else--I couldn't get past that shirt.

Related facial injury: After the show, we went down the street to Rick and Sean's house, and as there just happened to be five of us ladies and five hula hoops there, we all started hula-ing. Then people started showing off fancy tricks--wrist to neck to waist to feet, passing the hoops to each other mid-arc. But with five of us in one 4'x8' kitchen with big, spinning things, someone was bound to suffer. It was Kate. She got a hula hoop to the beer, which chipped a piece of her tooth right off!

Just then Linda called up from the other end of town: "Heeey! I just blew my nose so hard I blew my ear drum out!"

"Oh no," I said, "do you need to go to the hospital?"

"The hospital? Over a blown ear drum? Fuck, no! I'm in New York City! I'm going back to Carlito's Way!" >click<

Hiroshima, what that was about was life being taken away from people. Stuff like what happened at Rick and Sean's, hula-hooping with your friends and something funny and ridiculous happens --just little alive things like that--that's what reveals existing as exalted and precious, something to be loved. Concentrating on the burning pain people at Hiroshima felt totally misses the point of the tragedy. Pain is not so much about pain--it's about the absence of life. No one can help you, you are like an animal. There is no such thing as boredom or interest in Pain World. There's just nothing, which you float in, in a not-pleasant fashion. After I got my boobs done (which consists of cutting your flesh and muscles open with a knife



and sewing in there something your body wants to reject), it was a week of agony, Percocet-induced stupidity/nausea, and the hell of not being able to move off my back. It was truly a lost week--everyone else had a week that I just didn't have. Not like that compares to getting radiation thrown on you and your entire family against your will, but you get the idea... Pain is absence of all that we know and have. Pain is great, awe-inspiring...it is its own realm of existence, all-powerful--something to respect too much to have the egotism of thinking you can examine or reproduce it in art. Certainly not by screaming at a light in an orchestrated event with an appreciative audience. You honor the pain and death of others by celebrating the life in your own life.

Still, I wouldn't be thinking about this at this moment if it were not for the No Neck Blues' obnoxious show. Art is generally really not *good*, not in comparison to entertainment, but it is important to mankind. Despite one's irritation with its pompous claim that it pushes boundaries, it *does* push boundaries. I guess the No Neck thing was art simply because it made me question what is art. Or rather made me question what is the line between bad art and just shit. There is something so poignant about performance art (or freak-out jazz with unstructured vocals or whatever you want to call it), I guess because it's so universally hateable, like mime. So, yeah, I think we all know that art is necessary even though we hate it. But is anyone valuing entertainment for its importance beyond entertaining? Was that salsa band less real because in no way do I have to question what it is? Is the fact that I'm thinking about life right now making me more fully alive, or is it taking time up that I could be spending actually doing the living? For a good life, what is the proper ratio of knowing to doing? And what is Linda's knife-wounds-face-man thinking at this very moment?

Chula Vista CA 91912)

Listening to this is like being struck with another person's thoughts. Not explosive thoughts, but the ones that are like passing clouds, transmuting without our noticing, and we forget the last "song," sailing on this one.

Play silence and record hiss like instruments, along with wah-wah, whisk, chimes, computer (?). Distant vocals, backwards, snatches of foreign conversations, layered. They know how to play--it's not experimental from lack of mastery, just from lack of desire to settle. Very laid-back, quiet--revolutionary in its own way, which is a roundabout way.

Humpmuscle

"Witchita Drawl" (BAM, PO Box 549, Newmarket NH 03857)

This band rocks so hard, they gotta have not one umlaut, but two. Anyone who hears them is gonna run around the next day bellowing "Give me back my wrench!" and "Fear me...for I am huge and made of metal!" Anyone who



sees them is gonna be slapping their hand against their own strained thigh and leaving it there while performing ungodly cunnilingus on the sky. The singer has this complete fuck-up-edness that only the boonies of New Hampshire can produce. The top half of him looks like a fisherman, the bottom is Rob Halford in the waning years. Brown leather pants--egads. And he's got *all* the moves. Guitar like Black Sabbath, vocals like White Zombie. At one point during the live show, the guitarist complained to the man at the mixing board, "How come I can't hear myself sounding like God?" To be allowed to hear sentences like that spoken aloud...somewhat in earnest...there's no greater happiness than to be inside the Spinal Tap movie.

Why Can't the Homophobes and the Antisemites Just Get Along?

I love antisemitic literature. It's all tangents, no main road ever. They use science and history and in their ignorance come up with some wild theories! Like all other extreme people, antisemites are a little nuts and completely out of the loop of social niceties, but they don't realize that about themselves, and thus think the world is just perverse and out to get them. But with Nazis, it's true! Everyone hates a Nazi. Who loves the Nazi? Not even other Nazis. They're always outing each other as not "real" Nazis, and go about writing pamphlets accusing each other of being homosexual and/or bought out by International Jewry. Due to being universally hated, when you're a Nazi you have to work underground to get anything done, and use code language. You even have to have another secret code within the secret code because you can't even trust your fellow Nazis--you never know how much they "mean it." And they never trust you, going so far as to peer at your genitals in the men's room to see if you're circumcised (in Europe, where circumcision is not so popular among non-Jews). When you're a Nazi, the threat of ostracization (and worse) from within and without is unrelenting. You're always getting beat up, kicked out of cliques and "exposed." It's seventh grade all over again!

I'm attracted to the written word of violent minds. There's another nature under our skin--and that goes for the victim as well as for the perpetrator. Reading this twisted stuff with myself open, I feel like I'm almost going to break through to the other side of knowing.... Female hysteria is an organic thing--it's a wordless communication between the weather, the moment, all moments, this thing that's in all of mankind ever, and ourselves. Male hysteria is a more logical, laid out, outward-focused thing. Women accept that oceanic power (life force? God? timelessness?)--we don't try to do anything with it, we just let it in. Men--the ones without self-discipline, who thus need to exert an artificial type of discipline--try to know it, control it, have it. Conspiracy theory is a perfect example of male hysteria. A hysterical woman takes all the forces of nature and the basest part of mankind into herself. A hysterical man doesn't understand all these forces (neither does the woman, but she doesn't care). He tries to understand them but it's so overwhelming, a maze...he looks for a way out...he seizes clues.

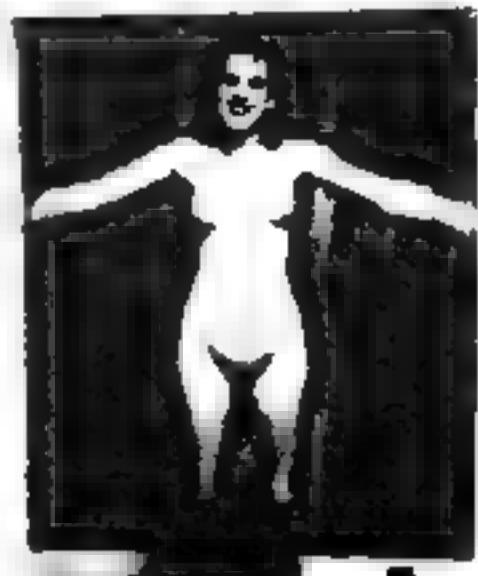
I open myself up like a woman, but I search (try to seize) like a man. I'd like to read honest journal-like works of child molesters and rapists, but they tend to never tell anyone how their mind works. Unlike Nazis, they don't have the idea that they are honorable, that their message is important. They're driven to do what they do--they don't believe in it. Castrating feminists are pretty open about their thought processes, but I feel rude reading their stuff, like we (the author and I) are talking bad about men behind their backs. Being a bit of a homo and a bit of a Jew, I feel aboveboard reading anti-that stuff, because it's like they're saying shit straight to the enemy's face.

My favorite antisemitic (though the author claims he's not, just because he's friends with this one "defrocked," ex-con, nutty rabbi) homophobic book is *The Churchill Papers: Revising The Revisionists, Unmasking Irving* by Alexander Baron (93c Venner Rd, Sydenham, London SE26 5HU England). Baron and his subject, David Irving, live in a W.S. Burroughs land of agents within agents within agents. "In 1992 Irving told the *Daily Telegraph*: 'When I go to Florida for three months I never use my credit card twice in the same place, so that Mossad does not know where I am.' As we shall see later, Irving very likely

does let Mossad know where he is, and very likely they pick up the tab for his credit card too. I wish I could afford a holiday in that sunny, Southern State!" So, Irving claims to think Mossad is after him while Baron believes he is in cahoots with Mossad, and, we learn later in the book, Mossad is actually after Baron, and has defeated his journalistic career at every turn! To think I've lived a completely Mossad-free life! Just lucky, I guess. Baron is investigating Irving, but ends up having a more personal encounter with him than most journalists would ever dream of. He is taken, in a black-windowed limousine, to headquarters, where Irving and the skinhead Nicky force him to salute the Nazi flag while Irving, wearing a Nazi uniform, jerks off, spitting and muttering in German about the Jews (they mistakenly believed Baron to be Jewish). I tend to think this is true, because the author is so embarrassed and offended and perplexed by the whole incident, and the telling of it is interwoven with all these irrelevant details such as the author's back and neck problems, which someone concocting a false story would never think of because they add nothing to the story. And, from my short time spent with Irving (1995), I know him to be a randy little sociopath, hateful, bullying and weird. But what's weirder than what Irving purportedly did is the course of action Baron chooses to take in his attempts to expose Irving's gayness. He cruises the gay bars of London looking for other Irving victims. Baron hates homosexuals. On top of just being disgusting, it also doesn't seem fair that "AIDS-infested queers are knowing each other in the Biblical sense ten or fifteen times a night" while one gets the feeling Baron hasn't been known even once in his life. To add insult to injury, while he did locate some supposed victims, they seemed to get scared and wouldn't help him in his crusade. "The homosexual network closed rank to protect Irving in exactly the same way Organized Jewry did." The poor guy just doesn't get it that people don't cooperate with his investigations because they don't like him, and they don't print his articles because newspapers aren't wont to use writers who think "faggy little cunt" is a persuasive description. Baron sees everyone sinfully closing rank, forming wagon circles that he is eternally outside of. My heart goes out to him, and I do mean that.

How does he make the shocking discovery that "Imperial Zion had Irving in their pocket"? Irving, the best-known Holocaust revisionist? Because Irving did research (or, as Baron puts it, "beavered away") in Israel as well as in Germany and other countries. Because the Jewish Establishment made sure none of Baron's articles about Irving came to light--"such lengths the slime of Organized Jewry would go in order to protect their prize 'asset.'" Because Irving can afford a \$3,000 suit. Ergo, he must be getting filthy Jewish money. Finally, members of a Jewish watchdog group to whom Baron wished to sell his story told Baron it was all true (probably a prank, to get this guy off their backs).

I should also mention that I think holocaust revisionism, like all historical revisionism, or re-looking-at, is important. The popular view is: so what if they're partly right and 600,000 Jews died, not six million? Why stir shit up over such a bad, painful historical incident? Because history, if it is to instruct and properly warn and forecast, must be accurate, that's why. It can't care about people's feelings. You have to tell the truth. So, if there is evidence that the holocaust did not happen as it has been portrayed, then that needs to be investigated. Unfortunately, as far as I know the only ones



willing to probe this sensitive area are Jew-haters

Gummo directed by Harmony Korine

In the opening of the movie, a young boy narrates a description of a hurricane he was in (this is a paraphrase): "A lot of dads died. Necklaces hanging in the trees. School smashed. I saw a girl flying by, and I looked up her skirt." Devastation is a vacation from bordered existence. Debauchery is very similar in its lack of structure. The retarded prostitute--in such an unbordered life it's truly not a place to know about or fight or ever escape from exploitation. Nothing hidden. No plot--there couldn't be. The dad and the son at the party and you couldn't tell which was which. The mom treating the son sort of as a friend, a lover, a psychiatrist, a kidnap victim. Break chairs, why not? Harmony Korine has caught something true--I remember the limitless terror of being everyone's equal at six years old, people sniffing coke and no one's role was clear; you form your own self and what a shifting self it is. The intimacy between friends that borders on homosexuality; the homosexual experience that was more like friendship. Twins kept popping up, I think because that is the clearest example of lack of boundaries, hierarchy and authority which is in all other relationships and classes. There was one black cat that got extra love from three sisters--baths, cuddles; and extra hate from two boys--they shot cats and sold them to a butcher, but this one black cat they kept and just shot and shot and whipped and kicked. Similarly, there was a boy in bunny ears who was pretend-shot and sworn at by two younger boys, and abused, and towards the end of the movie he's in a pool getting kissed again and again by beautiful twin girls. He was really unlucky and then really lucky, and it kind of doesn't matter which you get when you're

going nowhere--no one can have anything on you, because you have nothing and neither do they. Sometimes we get flashes of awareness of our decaying. It is this orgy feeling, of being blind and tossed about, and you just throw your head back and say OK to all of it--let it in you, let you out of you. When you're dead, you're going into the dirt and then you'll be the dirt. It's not that you're breaking down so much as you're breaking into everything you've never been as sentient you. Remember when you were in sixth grade and you would do stuff like blindfold everybody and see who's the best kisser? There's this totality of sex in that anonymity and blindness and lack of choice. It's like there's just this pure kiss out there, pure fuck. Like the kiss is already there, and you just slip into its hole for a second, and they're slipping in too, whoever you're kissing. Once you know someone, kissing starts to be more about separating. Same thing with cruelty.

Yesterday I lurched out of Kate's house in New York for my five-hour drive home to find my car door handle ripped off and my stereo gone. The sun was white and my body hurt. I clung to the wheel, shaking a little, silent, cold (needed the window open to stay awake), hungry, and off-kilter due to wearing someone else's (Kate's) glasses (a contact lens had slipped off my finger into the sink drain). My brand new silver bubble jacket was ruined with cigarette burns, and I don't even smoke. Where did the silver bubble stuff go that was now brown-edged holes? It wasn't gone, just transformed. Had I sniffed it as smoke into my lungs and bloodstream, and now it was taking a trip to New Hampshire inside me? There's this sort of interaction between everything and everything, a timelessness in that everything eventually returns to what it originally was in the world. You get life and you have it and then the grass and the worms take it back again. They have

Mommy and I are One **{The Michael Jackson Issue}**

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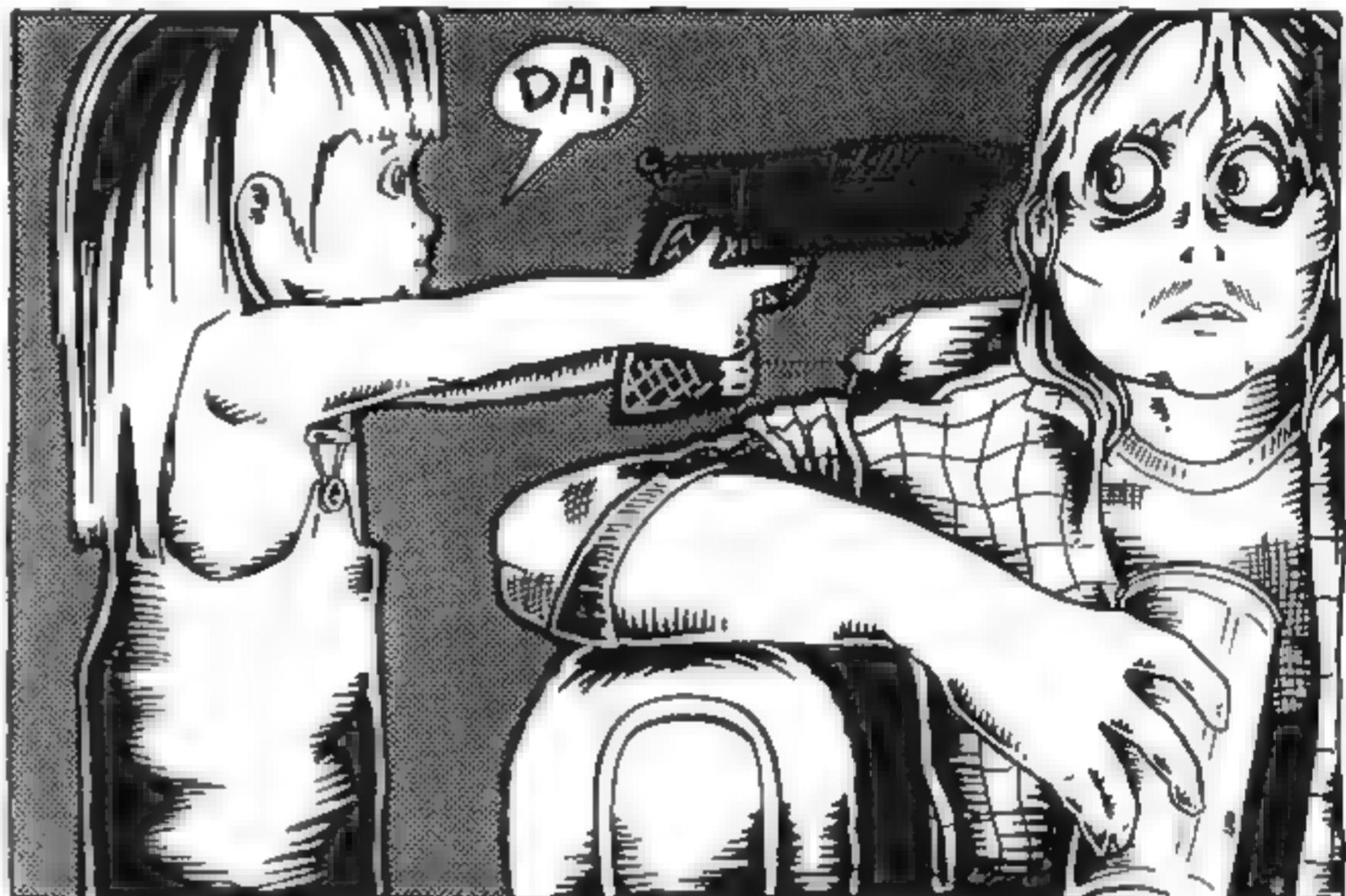
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you, and you are them. With all this daydreaming, I got on 95 South instead of 95 North, and landed in Jersey. Now I was hot and sliding in sweat, and late too. There was only \$15 left of the \$800 I had gone down with, and I didn't know if that was enough for gas and tolls, now that I'd gotten myself lost--certainly there could be no sandwich for me now. Suddenly I felt this infusion of happiness. I felt all cleaned out. I remember 12 years ago crossing a bridge with Rachel, getting hit by that feeling. I had just spent my last three dollars on a frisbee--I had no job and nowhere to live except somebody's couch--and I just threw that frisbee right into the river. Rachel was irritated at me for being so stupid and wasteful, but it was a wonderful feeling, giving up the last thing you have. A much more lively feeling than having. And now I was lost in the worst state in the nation in my handle-less little car, and I felt incredibly, euphorically clean. No matter which way I turned, I was driving away from death, slipping back into me. I was mine again. I gave me to the world and now the world was done with me for the time being--it handed me back to me. Thinner. It's not like I was about to get back anything I'd lost: not the silver bubble stuff, not the brain cells, and not the boy. But life is this thing that goes on and on, you lose and lose and lose, until it feels like winning. The other night at sushi I heard the man behind us talking all meal long about how he was getting a motorboat or something with 500 more square feet, and this and that marble, and other things in his life that were getting larger and more marble. It was like a socialist cartoon of the capitalist pig. There is a joy

in possessions, but part of that joy is knowing that you can destroy them. This marble guy--I'm sure of this--doesn't know how to go *into* death; not conquering it, but taking it into you and triumphing in that strange way, superceding the threat by not fearing it, by wanting it. He doesn't know how to lose. He has proven himself the enemy of blindness, so blindness is out to get him. Death will conquer him. I felt so fresh on the drive home from New York when anyone else would've just felt exhausted, guilty and pissed off because I recognized it as the moment I became unshackled from this latest bout of debauchery. This death-blind-orgy thing, the hole you can slip into. I didn't need to destroy now. I didn't need to be destroyed. I'd reached the end of the road and stood poised at a great precipice. Precipice over what? I don't know, but I had to fly into it. All I had to do was open my arms and fall, and so I did. I'm falling right now. The people in *Gummo* are too, they just don't say so.

A review of how I think: about distinctions I make, between male and female, between free and bound, death-life and alive-life...in a way, I actually believe what I say. In another way, it's like I have to travel a road of thought to the end even if I doubt it. I have to use thinking to get to truth, but truth does not come from thinking, exactly. Later in this issue, Matt Jasper says that when you separate things into opposites, then there's the possibility of transgressing the opposites that have been created, and forming a wholer whole than you originally had, and perception is clearer, more total. The ultimate goal of perception, Matt says, is differentiation that then destroys itself by merging back into

each other. I think I'm doing that. Though not exactly; it's more like I just change my mind. In a way I think it doesn't matter too much what I think at this age (29), because I'm probably going to be wrong, or at least unwise. What I'm doing now is learning how to think, but you can't concentrate on that unless you believe in it, so I believe in these dichotomies at the same time that I kind of don't, because I know I'm exercising. When you create these false separate parts, they can grow on their own in a way they couldn't if they were all mixed up with everything.



The dirty-faced little girl wobbled back and forth trying to support the weight of a massive pistol in her tiny hands.

- from *Horseshoes and Handgrenades*

Less surreal than *Gummo* is *Horseshoes and Handgrenades* (1312 Boylston St., Boston MA 02215), Tim Catz's 18 vignettes about New Hampshire hard-living, violent-loving white trash. (Is there anything else to write about this state?) There's the 28-year-old guy who doesn't brush his teeth and rather than get six fillings and a root canal, he directs the dentist to just pull 'em all. And the author and his buddy who steal the buddy's dad's car and play chicken with it even though they know they're going to get a whupping for it--and they do. Then there's the bug-eyed father of four who invites the author and his buddies to "taste a little bit of this magic" (cocaine) just as his four-year-old wanders in with a pistol in her hand. She and her siblings were taking a break from throwing rocks at frogs. My favorite story is the one where the mother of two flirts with the gas attendant and he lets her pay for her gas, cigs and soda with food stamps and she sings loudly to "American Girl" with the radio on the way out of the station, waking up the kids in the back seat, and she feels very happy at that moment for no reason except maybe just that she's alive. The characters in this book and in *Gummo* and in most of real life do stuff that doesn't have a point and is just not smart. If you wait until you think of something smart and useful to do, you might be spending a lot of your life waiting.

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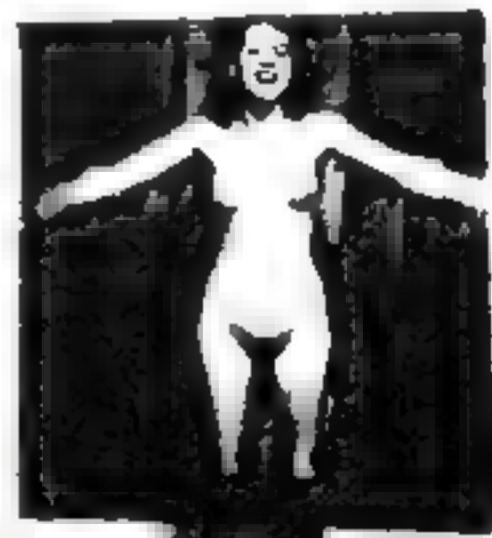
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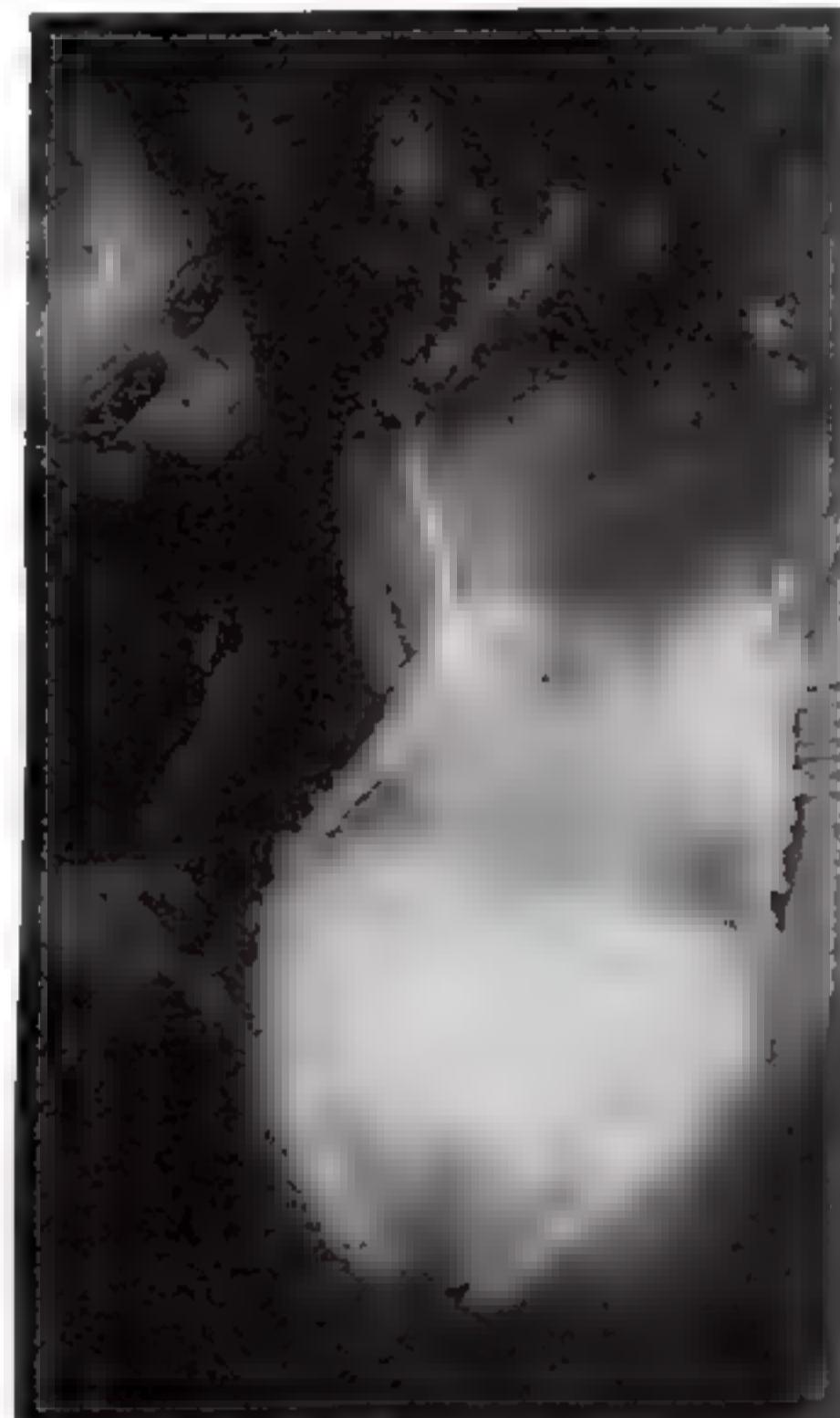
There's these people, and they have these lives which are so totally different from mine that I can't understand a thing they say or do. These people are not my friends, they're more like my projects, which I guess is a pretty evil thing to say. If I was normal, I'd just not care, but I'm not and I do. Since I met Kate, my feelings towards her have been unrelenting and volatile. And having only hung out with her for such a brief amount of time, this is totally inappropriate and rooted in nothing except my bad habit of turning people into mirrors reflecting my own lack of whatever. What makes it worse is that I'm sure Kate never gave me a second thought. What am I to Kate? I am an ant crawling up her leg.

Who is Kate?

Kate's voice is one of those tough old growly smoker voices that I wish I had, and I keep smoking and smoking but I still sound like a JAP. Kate's voice is pure white trash. Do they have white trash in Canada [Kate's homeland]? Whatever the Canadian equivalent of white trash is, that's what Kate is. She's like the skinhead girl from Degrassi Junior High, another Canadian girl I was obsessed with. They both have the same piggy white face. Kate has beady little pop-eyes and crooked teeth and ratty hair. She's hard as shells and sharp, but also with a putty-like quality, like her face was molded quickly and carelessly. All her makeup adds to the mushy mask effect. She wears fuzzy pink clothing and KISS baby tees. I bet she doesn't own a single pair of jeans, unless they're of the Jordache bounce-a-quarter-on-'em variety. Of course her hair is the bleachiest blond, there's no naturalness in Kate. She's synthetic, and very weird-looking! That, and there's something about her eyes, like they're closed even when they're open. Once my mother shocked me by staring at this ugly little girl who was dancing and suddenly blurting out, "I just wanna shove her face in." What made my mother so angered by that girl? What makes me so uneasy about Kate? It's dramatic and impossible to know.

The first time I met Kate was when I went underwear shopping with her and Lisa for an assignment Lisa was

writing for *Playboy*. I jumped in the back seat of the car next to Kate and we were introduced. She was wearing a frilly off-the-shoulder vintage dress and high-heeled sandals. She seemed kind of ditzy. Between her and Lisa, I felt very butch, although I don't usually consider myself very butchy. I was wearing a button-down shirt with



Kate & her fancy underwear
ghosts on it, jeans, and sneakers. And I had recently shaved my head. I began to feel more left out as the shopping got underway and Lisa and Kate both liked the same kind of fancy underwear whereas I preferred the funny, silly stuff, like big bunny-printed diapers and bloomers and stuff. Kate didn't seem interested in me, and was dismissive of my questions about her being a dominatrix-turned-submissive, like she'd answered all those questions before. She was the exact stereotype of the tough ex-junkie New York sex-worker. But she is so extreme! Kate is like this pointy stick that is jabbing me and won't leave my mind. Especially after Lisa told me, much to my surprise, that I had been really rude to Kate during dinner after shopping. I didn't think I was being rude. Kate had been laughing and, I felt, bragging about how many people she'd

slept with, so I asked, "Doesn't that make you feel bad, since you have a husband?" Apparently it was a big deal that I said that, enough so that it got back to me through other people. But really, I figured if she was talking about it in front of me, a total stranger, then it must not be such a taboo subject. Plus, Kate was ignoring me so bad, I had to say something to get her attention! The second time I saw Kate, I actually had to leave because she was making me so uncomfortable. She had her arm around some guy and she was just strutting down the street in her hot pants like she owned the world. I was incensed. I didn't know why, I just knew that I had to go home.

Hurts So Good

Kate is a mean, smart-mouthed slut who would eat me alive, and I'd love it! Because then she'd be paying attention to me. I want Kate to shove my face in. With her fist. She could do lots of things to me with her fist, oh yeah! But then again, I'd probably have a heart attack.

I don't understand how Kate could be a professional submissive, how can these men dominate her? What nerve they must have! I have seriously considered going to the place where Kate works and buying her services. Once I asked Kate if she ever has any female clients, and she said that women don't have to pay for stuff like that. That made me really nervous because I would! I would pay to see Kate in action.

A Thing I Saw Kate Do

At Lakeside Lounge, Kate was standing in the photo booth and this random girl had her hand resting on the photo booth and from where Kate was she could only see the hand, not the girl, and Kate started tonguing the girl's hand in an overt display of lasciviousness such as I have never seen! I don't think Kate knew whose hand it was, and I don't think she cared. Why? Why did she molest the hand??? It's killing me. It's like not getting the punchline of a joke that has everyone else in hysterics. It feels lonely. I got so agitated seeing a picture of Lisa and Kate kissing. She just goes around kissing anyone she feels like, and it means nothing to her. But

it makes me crazier than I even care. I mean, I'm not a prude, and I don't wanna be all haughty and uptight, but Kate's existence just makes me feel like my entire existence is haughty and uptight!

Kate's Soundtrack

Kate likes bubblegum glam pop from the '70s like Sweet, The Osmonds, and Bay City Rollers, as well as modern bubblegum like Hanson. I endured a 7-hour car ride to New Hampshire with Kate and one tape that she had brought full of happy music with nonsensical lyrics which perpetually rhyme, like "little-silly-willy-billy-wing-wham-bam-boo-woo-woo-shoopy-shoo," and so forth. Kate said, "This is the music that is constantly playing in my head," which actually explains a lot about her glassy-eyed, boo-boopy-doo demeanor. We listened to that 90-minute tape over and over and over, alternating only with brief attempts at listening to the radio, which seemed to play only extended blocks of Pink Floyd and Jethro Tull. At the time I thought I was going to lose my mind, but just today I couldn't stop myself from buying Sweet's and The Osmonds' greatest hits. It's damn catchy stuff. Like Kate, the feeling creeps up on you.

Kate's Stuff

Kate's apartment has all these thrift store knickknacks everywhere, like an awesome plastic statue of a fist which says "Right on!" which I liked so much I considered stealing it. Her makeup dresser has so much stuff, it's like when you spin a color wheel so fast it just looks white. I learned in school that the sum of all colors is white, and the absence of all colors is black. Kate's dresser is the sum of all colors. Just like Kate herself. She is a kaleidoscope spinning so fast she turns into a white laser beam which cuts you. In her bedroom I just remember feather boas everywhere, a pink satiny princess-type bed with brass bed-knobs, and a big poster of a porno girl who I just assumed Kate must know, cause like why would she have this random poster up right over her bed? Also, she and her husband have separate bedrooms. I also remember that she had a carton of Lucky Strike Lights, and I said, "Oh, I love those cigarettes, they're hard to find." And Kate shouted, "Noooo, not really!" like cartons of Lucky Strike Lights come raining down on her all the time.

Kate's Feet

I can usually tell if I like a person or not by looking at their feet. I don't have a foot fetish or anything, it's just that if I'm not grossed out by someone's feet, it means I like them. Kate was wearing army-print leggings and was sitting with her feet propped up on Itchie's lap, petting one of her Chihuahuas nestled in her crotch and her feet were right in front of me. I stared at them and they looked small and rough and dry, and the nails on her pinky toes were fucked up, probably from years of wearing pointy stilettos. It looked like she was due for a pedicure, which she mentioned to me is one of her favorite things. There were faint traces of Pearlescent nail polish. The verdict: I was not grossed out! They looked like the rest of Kate, ragged but proud.

To follow: everybody else's verdict.

AMY: Why do you hate Kate?

MODESTY BLAZE: Because she's a whore.

AMY: And why is that hateable?

MB: Usually, I could care less if somebody's a whore, but she does disgusting things behind people's backs and then lies to their faces, and comes off like somebody who's, you know, like all these people think she's their friend, but in reality she's just fucking them over. And when other people tell them that she's fucking them over they don't even listen to their real friends that are actually giving them good advice, because she's such a good liar.

AMY: Why do you think she lies?

MB: So that she can have her cake and eat it too, and so she can have sex with hundreds of men and keep doing it whether they know about it or like it or not.

AMY: You used to be friends with her?

MB: I used to know her to a degree, but I obviously didn't know her good enough, because all this stuff that was revealed about her later I found out and was actually shocked and appalled by. If I knew her really well, I wouldn't have been her friend.

AMY: So you're shocked by her lying?

MB: It's more like lying and using men and using people and using their trust against themselves, more than the fact that she fucks everybody, even though that's not, you know...I mean, I'm not the biggest virgin in the world or anything, but I certainly have never done anything on the basis that she has.

AMY: What basis?

MB: Just fucking all these guys behind their backs, behind her husband's back—

AMY: Does her husband know?

MB: I don't know, I can't see him not knowing. Maybe he doesn't want to be reminded of it because it's embarrassing, and makes him look like a fool. I think he's in denial. She's disgusting. She's got the most disgusting slobby little.... Number one, she's 35 years old, she's probably fucked like thousands of people. Imagine how slobby and gross she is. Yuck. It's revolting. Plus she's done tons of heroin.

AMY: Do you think she puts up a tough front cause she's insecure?

MB: What tough front? I don't think she's even that tough. I could kick her ass in a minute.

AMY: Heh heh heh!

MB: I could! And I would too. She's like ten years older than me, and she's a slobby coke-whore. Not only am I bigger and younger and taller, but I'm also in better health, and I don't fucking do cocaine all the time and fuck everybody.

AMY: I think she's really hurt by people.

MB: [dripping sarcasm] Oh, well. Gee, I wonder why people don't like her. She's a lying whore. People love a lying whore! It's everybody's favorite type!

AMY: Hee hee hee!

MB: You're putting out a magazine of this? What's it gonna be called, "Sluggy Coke-Whore"? [laughter]

AMY: Kate's notorious. She's got the worst reputation of anybody ever.

MB: Well, gee, I wonder why? I mean, she goes in *Rollerderby* talking about all the different men she's fucked and how she's fucked them. People hate her because she's a slobby slutty coke-whore. She's always been civil to me, but I just found out all this disgusting stuff about her, and it just grossed me out so much.

AMY: Any stories about stuff she's done?

MB: Of course. One night we went out drinking and she was so drunk, or desperate, she started drinking the leftovers from other people's drinks that hadn't been cleared off the bar.

AMY: Sloppy seconds.

MB: Yeah, drinking the little remnants. I was wondering if she kept thinking they were her drink, because she was so drunk, but I was like, you can get a couple germs that way! What I can't believe is she lives out in the





middle of nowhere, out in Brooklyn Heights, how does she lead this active lifestyle when she lives in the middle of nowhere?

AMY: Cabs?

MB: She goes out to rock clubs, and like Click & Drag, and if you're so blatant, it's like a classic example--I knew a lot of girls in high school who act like big sluts because they wanted attention. Definitely, no matter what kind of man you are, you'll pay attention to some girl if she's wearing a totally tight mini-skirt and she's bending over backwards so you can practically see her cunt. How can you not pay attention?

AMY: She's an attention-seeker.

MB: Right, and I'm not saying that that's even a bad thing, because I am too, but I would rather be noticed for my talents, my achievements. I like to get attention from being entertaining or interesting or talented. Of course I get attention too 'cause I'm a show-off and I look pretty and I dress up and dress eccentrically or something but that's not the extent of my personality, of my being. It insults me that so many men fall for it like dogs, and that women like her prey on these men, and use them for sex, lie to them, and they'll just come back for more. She's made herself into an inflate-a-mate! It's so obvious. And the way she talks is gross too--she brags, or like one time she goes [*in a baby voice*] "My new boyfriend!" Like, she's a 35-year-old woman. She was talking about her new boyfriend like a 14-year-old. She's just gonna wake up one day and she's

gonna be doing the same thing, and she's gonna be 50. And it'll be pathetic. Like it isn't pathetic now. I think she is pathetic. Once when we went out, I saw her, and the back of her hair was just gone.

AMY: What do you mean?

MB: All the ends of the back of her hair had been broken off. The front of her hair was long, like a bob, and the back of her hair was just gone! She said that the reason it was like that is 'cause she's bleached it so often, and that she'd been fucked so hard and so often, that the back of her hair had broken off, from the friction of the bed. And that she "fucked her hair off." What an interesting hair-do.

fierce Superstar

SEAN: Kate is an example of a modern day feminist. She's got a good heart. This is the kind of lady Kate is: when I was homeless, that was the first time I met Kate, and the Toilet Boys had just opened for Motorhead, and she was at the show, and there was just something about her that said, you know, this is the queen of rock and roll. So, some Hell's Angel broke my nose while Motorhead was playing, and I had to go dance at Squeezebox all night, but Kate took care of my nose, and gave me a place to clean myself up after a whole night of blood, sweat and go-go dancing. I think a lot of people could learn from her whole vibe, how she's so free.

AMY: Well, do you have anything down and dirty to tell?

SEAN: I do have some totally great blow job and sex stories about Kate, but I don't think they're as important. I might not be willing to get down and dirty in telling you that stuff, but Kate was definitely willing to get down and dirty in the sweat and total crud of a homeless rock and roll go-go boy. She's a good lady.

KERRY McLAUGHLIN: Kate--funny, sexy sweatergirl with Kim-Novak-after-750-cigarettes-voice, doesn't have good manners from what I've seen but since when did good manners get you a whole magazine dedicated to you? [Amy was originally making a Kate fanzine before Rollerderby bought it out.]

SHELLY-JO, a.k.a. MISTRESS DAKOTA: Kate makes me happy. She has the softest lips and the dirtiest mouth in town. She's the princess of pee and the goddess of trash and the Platonic ideal of a Baber. She's also a slut. Not in the

destructive, self-defeating sense--what I mean is that she refuses to aspire to the virtuous standard for women. That standard is the world's best weapon in the oppression of women, and she defies it. So even though she's a walking talking porn cartoon, she's also a political figure. The way Kate does it is ultra cool.

BAMBI: We did this whole choreographed act at Meow Mix and for the Toilet Boys show--the panty-less cheerleading act. We have the little skirts, the pom-poms, and the saddle oxfords, and we do a real cheerleading routine with jumps and high-kicks. It's about the mystique of cheerleaders, the way you're always looking to get a peek at their panties. You might have caught a glimpse of something as we jumped and thought, "Wait a minute, I didn't see any panties!"

Another Kate/panties story: I love to pull down her panties and wear them on my head all night long. We also have a high-five where we go "High-Five!" and then stick our tongues out and go up and down on each other's tongues. It's really fun!

DAVE COTNER: You know what? She might not be a whore, she might just be overly affectionate.

HOPEY: No matter where we go, she will get up and grind with the goofiest-looking, oldest, nasty man in the joint. She just loves to make friends.

QUEEN ITCHIE: I've known Kate for years and I have yet to pin down what makes her tick or what makes people so freaked out about her. I think she lacks certain social graces, like she can't remember people's names. I don't know what makes a person important to Kate. Like she's met Kerry many, many times, but it's uncomfortable--Kate always says hi to me and never acknowledges whoever I'm with. It makes me feel bad, because I like Kate. She's really fuckin' funny, she's really on, but she's sort of unthinking, or I don't know! I don't know what she's thinking, and I almost feel bad...like one time we were at a party and she wanted to leave 'cause, well, it was a really lame party, but she also wanted to leave 'cause there was no booze. So we got in a cab with Kerry, and Kate hadn't said a word to Kerry all night, and Kerry was like, "I don't know if you remember me but we

met at blah blah blah." And Kate didn't even look at Kerry and was just like, "Ahh, I remember you honey, I'm just agitated 'cause there was no booze there and I wanna drink and what kind of party was that?" She was just in such a nasty mood, but it's that way every time. I hate being in the middle of it, but I'm not anymore 'cause I don't see Kate that much anymore, and I live with Kerry. It's the path of the id, just wanting to consume everything, and experience everything, but that should include people, shouldn't it?

I introduced Kate and Lisa. I brought Lisa over to Kate's house and I said, "You're gonna love Kate, her job is to stay at home and play with her Chihuahuas and put on makeup. That's her job, that's what she does." And I always loved that about her. That seems like an ideal life to me! The only problem I've ever had with her is when my boyfriend at the time was trying to not be an alcoholic, he was on the wagon, and he had this fucking breakdown one night and just had to drink. And he called her, 'cause he knew she would go out with him, and she told him she wouldn't tell anyone about it. And, you know, that doesn't reflect badly on her really because drinking is what she does, and he was gonna do it anyway. And yeah, he told me about it a few days later, he didn't keep it from me, but just that she would have--that made me not trust her. At the same time, she doesn't owe anything to me, and we all have our weird little motivations. But it upset me, and made me feel more guarded. When we were having our picture taken for *Seconds*, Kate kept saying she had to go home for some reason, and Lisa, Darcy and I were saying, no stay, and Kate started crying and saying how she had to be a good person and go home and get toothpaste. Like she had to be responsible and go home and get toothpaste. And her voice broke and she cried a little bit. Lisa just put her arm around her, and said, it's okay, it's okay, but I don't know what the deal was. She just seems too fragile to me at times. I get scared for her. I get scared about her hard living, although it's part of who she is. I can really respect the side of her that's like hung-over the next morning and is eating big giant sandwiches and watching *Babe*. She cries at *Babe*! I'm really charmed by that. Kate's like my fucked-up step-mom. That's the part of her I really love and miss, rather than the side of her that's getting fingered at the bar

while you're trying to talk to her. I worry about her body expiring before her spirit does

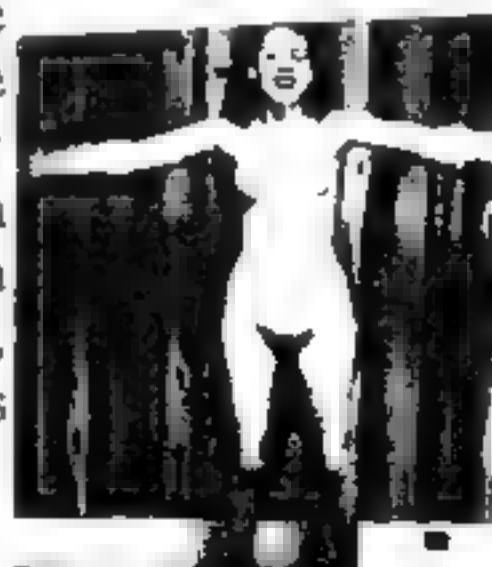
One time her husband got really mad at her because she was really drunk and fucked up and couldn't make it to the bathroom in time so she peed on the floor. She tried to stick her butt out the window and pee out the window, too. This other time, when things in my life weren't going so well, Kate goes, "I'm gonna make sure your life in New York works out if it's the last thing I do!" But she was really sloshed when she said that, and I thought to myself, "You can't even orchestrate going to the bathroom in the toilet! I can't put my life in your hands!" But I thought the gesture was nice.

LISA CARVER: There's a light coming out of her. I remember the very first time I saw her. She looked like somebody who would be sacrificed on an altar at a satanic gathering. She was wearing a pink fuzzy half-sweater, and she's just so white, she's like a light-bulb swathed in angora. She's covered in peach-fuzz, like Marilyn Monroe. And she has that enormous, throaty laugh. I knew the second I saw her that she must be mine. I think that everyone who ever sees her is possessed by that thought. And that's how so many people end up hating her: she has this inner light and she can refuse to cast it on you.

The thing about Kate is not sex. The way she throws herself into sex whole-vagina-edly is exactly the same as she throws herself whole-heartedly into anything--even buying a Coca-Cola at the corner store. She's travelling at the speed of life. She's exactly in sync with life happening, and that's what disturbs the people who are disturbed. People who don't like Kate don't like real life--they only like what they can control and revise. When I think of Kate, I think of her eating, drinking, smoking, laughing, kissing me, kissing everyone--all things going into or out of her mouth. She's very forgetful, never on time. You know how after someone was rude to you, you'll lie in bed that night and think, "I should've said such-and-such, that would've put him in his place!"? Well, Kate always says that right at the time. I've seen her take on New York cabbies and win. She's a cross between Mae West and Charles Bukowski--though I'm not sure about the Bukowski part, because I haven't read him since I was 17. I just remember thinking, "Mail-

man...drunk...screwing the fat landlady...cool." The way Bukowski and Henry Miller could turn anything into an adventure--though when you're away from them, you're no longer sure what happened exactly, or how...that's Kate. One time there were a bunch of people at her house and someone said something nasty about vaginas. I said, "Who here has not gone down on a lady?" The only one to raise her hand was Kerry McLaughlin. Kate said, "I can take care of that, baby." She was joking (I guess), but she said it so seriously and in that smoky voice, maintaining eye contact, that the whole room got quiet. Kerry has an acerbic sense of humor, and this was the first time I'd seen her without a comeback. She was red and speechless. Itchie goes, "Look, Kerry's breaking out in hives again!" Kate, not taking her eyes off Kerry, says, "Don't worry about hives, honey, this pussy is hypo-allergenic. Yeah, we'll just wait for that Benadryl to kick in, you'll be so woozy you'll think you're having a dream." (Kerry had taken Benadryl for her dog-allergy hives.) Amy was there, and I was thinking how much she must be dying inside. Maybe it doesn't sound so threatening and enticing when you read it--with Kate you have to be there; it's her voice, how she stands (legs parted, one hand on her hip, the other hand on a beer bottle), the feeling. She's a white-hot toboggan zooming down the slippery slopes of being--hop in!

Jewish mystics say don't categorize your experience. Stop naming, just notice. When you start naming, judging, evaluating--"Was that good or bad? How can I recreate that?"--that detaches you from God, from connectedness, from life. Kate doesn't spend a hell of a lot of time categorizing. The Hebrew word *Sefirot*--the ten levels or circles of God--can be translated as "shining." And *Atzilut*, the connection between the levels, means emanation or pouring down. Kate is really shining, and she emanates like crazy. Could she be our prophet? For Kate, life has meaning just to be. Most of the people I know are artist types (with a Puritan work ethic), which means they live to leave something, to grow more real in their absence--whereas Kate is all about presence. The artist type is like a tiny rock hurling itself into a pond so that, even though it's now buried in the silt, the ripples its leap has



made stretch out to cover the entire lake. There's something ghostlike about these people--they're living in the future but there is no future. Kate's all about the leap--she doesn't even notice the ripples. Her power is instant, not the delayed, hoarded, honed power of the vengeful and the ulcer-ed (which is of course your average writer). She cracks me up so bad all the time.

Kate never lies. Her life would be a lot easier if she did. She's very loving. When my babysitter cancelled at the last minute on my birthday, Kate forced me to leave Wolfgang with her and go rollerskating, even though she had come up especially for Dover rollerskating. Wolfgang loves her. They have pillow fights and dance and talk about farts and stuff. She does parties for kids with her friend Bambi to make them laugh for photographs. They dress up funny and tickle the kids and do silly skits. She shops a lot. When my mother died, she knew how to handle me. Her soul is right there on her lips. I love Kate. She's a philosopher.

LIZ ARMSTRONG: I heard someone describe Kate as the person most likely to die in a ditch. And someone told me a story that she pretended to let someone cut

off her clit. When I met her she was wearing awesome shoes, rainbow platform shoes, and her shirt said "pussy" in rhinestones. She was wearing the same green eye-shadow on from Mac called Juxt that I was wearing too. So I asked her, "Is that Juxt?" and maybe that made her think I was obnoxious. And then on the subway Lisa was like "Hey you guys, pretend like you're fighting, and I'm gonna take a picture." So we did, and I grabbed Kate's hair, and I kind of messed up her hair. Maybe that made her madder at me, like "Don't touch me again, you little brat!"

AMY: What was your first impression of Kate?

GREG G-SPOT: I instantly had a crush on her.

AMY: Did you act on it?

GREG: Well, no, because I actually like boys. But it says something about Kate. She's got that power.

KEN CARVER: She seems very intelligent. She gets right to the point.

DARIUS JAMES: Kate is--I think the word is ballsy? I've seen her go into situations and completely dismantle people. See right through their pretenses.

MATT MOSES: I met Kate two years ago when her husband offered me a job at *Screw* magazine. Then I saw her at this party that I told Lisa to come to. I arrived just as they and their two friends were leaving, and they hadn't been having a particularly good time at this party. They were in foul spirits. Apparently they were trying to talk to people and everyone was giving them the cold shoulder, which is understandable from such a group.

AMY: I heard the party was a bunch of boring hippies.

MATT: I told them it was gonna be a hippie party, and Lisa kept on saying "Isn't this a be-in?" And everyone was just like, no, no, what are you talking about? I think they were going up there with the thought in mind that it wasn't going to be fun.

AMY: I don't know, those girls know fun when they see it! They know fun!

MATT: I think they were having fun in not having fun. Having a good laugh at someone's expense. Anyway, as they're waiting outside for their car, I said, "Why don't you just walk over to the corner and hail a cab?" But Kate demanded that I do it. And while I didn't feel compelled to do so, I can see how some would if such a person



had commanded them to. I said, "Why don't you?" And her response was, and this is a quote: "Because of the niggers!"

AMY: Do you think she said the n-word to shock you?

MATT: Probably. I'm pretty loose-lipped about that kind of thing, I throw it around like there's no tomorrow, but I was just shocked to hear it used on 131st Street [edge of Harlem] *a sotto voce*.

AMY: So who ended up hailing the cab?

MATT: I did. Whatever, I don't care what these people think because I didn't cotton too well to them. I had a sum total of eight minutes interaction with Kate. I thought she was an arrogant creep.

DICK ROCKET: Kate's festive. She always seems to be having a good time. One night, we had been at 7A and she wanted a sandwich with bacon, and they didn't have any bacon. She was obsessed with bacon. We got back to our house at like 4 AM and she kept going, "I want some bacon!" And Sean's mom had just sent us a care package and there was a pound of bacon in it, and I was like, "We got a pound of bacon." So she cooked an entire pound of bacon. Yeah, Kate's pretty awesome.

PATRICK HAMBRECHT: She's super-quotable. She's always showing up wherever I am and saying something quotable and then running away. And if I try to talk to her, she just makes funny faces at me. And then she drinks whatever I'm drinking and leaves.

ALEXANDER KARINSKY: I was having brunch with Kate and Lisa, and a mutual friend David Tibet from London, and there was Kate on the cover of *Roller Derby*, with her little nipple-tassles kind of thing, and I said, "Oh god, Kate, I've been dying to see your tits ever since I met you." And she was like, "Well, you're probably the only one who hasn't seen 'em!" And then I said, "Well, may as well get it out in the open, I've been dying to fuck you too ever since I met you." And she just almost choked on her omelet right there and then. And that was it. I guess I'm just concerned about some of the people who might find out about it. Kate's a spunk-bubble. She's one of the most crazy, alive girls I've ever met, and I wish there was more of them out there.

AMY: Is your current girlfriend like that?

ALEX: No way. The other end of the spectrum.

AMY: Ahh, so you have a madonna/whore complex

ALEX: Ha ha ha, I guess. But I'd have Kate any day.

AMY: Kate--slaggy coke whore or prophet of our times?

DERRY CLUNT: Both. The second I met her, I knew I'd found a friend. I was drunk and I was spilling my drink without realizing it into her bag. Some guy yelled at me, "Hey, you're spilling your drink in that chick's bag!" And Kate looked at him, looked at me, and promptly spilled her own drink into her bag. Right onto her 70 shades of light blue eyeliner in little ziplock bags. She's so fuck-it.

PETE BAGGE: I had heard a lot of stories about Kate before I met her, mainly that she likes to party hearty, and that Lisa likes to give her a run for her money when she's in town. I was warned that if I hung out with the two of them I'd hardly be able to keep up, or even want to. "Frightened yet intrigued" is an accurate description of how I felt at the prospect. I was hoping I could watch the two of them in action from a safe distance while I was in New York, but alas, never got the chance. I did meet Kate a few times. She's a sweet lady, in spite of that tough girl horse laugh of hers. And I'd always notice what an attentive listener she is. There aren't too many of those, especially in New York, and especially at parties.

AMY: What do you think she's doing with all that listening?

PETE: Ya got me! Maybe she's saving it all up for a swell memoir. All I know is that no matter how noisy or distracting a party may be, her attention never wavers while you're talking to her, unlike most people who keep one eye on everyone else in the room while they nod their head and go "Uh-huh...I hear ya..."

JEREMY THOMPSON: We [Nashville Pussy] were in New York for three days. Kate was a good chaperone. She took me anywhere I wanted to go, laughed at all my jokes, even the bad ones, told me some jokes--fun girl to be around. I didn't want to leave New York, but the good point was I got to sleep that night. I slept all night and all the next day till 3:30. And I'm still worn out--I could take a nap right now. We rallied. We had a good time.

AMY: What did you do?

JEREMY: God, what didn't we do? We

hung around the hotel a lot, then I'd follow her all around town all day and all night. Did a lot of drinking, lots of eating, laying around eating potato chips and drinking sodas. Wherever we were at, that was the place to be. Fun was following us around. She's a firecracker. She's a good girl. Nobody else has quite the same outlook on life as she does. I'll fill your tape up with this shit. I can't say enough good things about Kate.

RICKY LINDERMAN: I don't want my name, with my job [policeman] attached to Kate Landau. She's a dangerous woman!

AMY: How is she dangerous?

RICKY: I couldn't imagine. You're just dealing with someone who is truly free, who does not bow to any rules or societal norms. And that's my job. I mean, me and her can hang out and be friends, but we have two different missions in life. Mine is to maintain order, and hers...hers is chaos! Kate Landau is rock and roll. We were having a debate about S&M. I don't understand the whole concept of female dominatrixes. Men who are into dominatrixes are like doctors and lawyers, and have a lot of money and power, whereas I have very little money and power. So I was just going off on how it makes no sense to me. I said, "When it comes to perverted sex, women are meant to be submissive, and there's no other way." Kate just stood there very patiently listening to me ramble on drunk, going like, "Yeah, they should be on their knees, like, suck this, do that, and fuck 'em!" And Kate didn't say a word, she just reached over and grabbed my nipple. Let me tell you, she's got some grip! She fucking twisted my titty, and I thought it was gonna fall off. I yelled in pain and she calmly turned and walked away. I was shaking with anger and humiliation! It wasn't until the next day that the brilliance of what she did finally occurred to me. She had taught me a lesson. She showed me. And now, I'm not just saying this, I've discovered a submissive side to myself! Not that I want some woman in thigh-high leather boots to spit on me, but I've been thinking about the bad-little-boy thing, and like the angry stepmother. Now that, I could see. And if I ever wanted to be spanked, Kate would definitely be the one.



Jenny Mae

Jenny Mae's music is sad and pretty. Even though it's very good, sad and pretty is just not my type of thing, but for some reason I didn't turn it off, which is what normally happens to the promos I receive in the mail after about ten seconds. Then I started noticing these dirty jokes and sly twists hidden right there in the sad and pretty stuff. And even though I know nothing about music, I could tell there were even jokes in the melody--different tunes playing on top of each other, having a lively conversation. But still it's so sad. That first line of the first song--"I was lying in the guest bedroom..."--what her voice does.... I'm not fit to describe it. And Jenny Mae isn't fit to sing it--what's a fuck-up like her (you'll discover what I mean by that when you're done reading all this) doing channeling something so slow and deep and marvelous? Is this what people mean by "soul"? Did Beethoven make jokes in his songs? I called the publicity people at Autotonic and got her number. Not more than 30 seconds into our first conversation, Jenny Mae was telling me about the time she knocked over the Christmas tree at the Christmas party at 9 o'clock and got an ornament embedded in her foot and by 2 AM was outside naked, making snow angels. Sorry for all these run-on sentences--Jenny Mae is a run-on kind of lady. Our entire conversation was punctuated with "Chicken! Shut up! Chicken! No!" Chicken is her dog, and he doesn't listen to her. It was obvious I'd found a new friend. I asked Jenny Mae if she thought her new CD would be a success. She said, "I hope so--I don't want to be waitin' tables no more with a hangover." As good a reason for success as any. Even though Jenny Mae and I both made a trip to New York (her from Ohio, me from New Hampshire) specifically to do an interview, we never did get around to it. Luckily I happened to turn on the recorder while in a restaurant with Jenny Mae, Kate Fallon-Landau, Bambi and Jeff Graham--Jenny Mae's producer and person who makes sure she doesn't fall down a manhole and such. For some reason we were talking about boys and booze the entire time the recorder was going, but I think it was just the season or something. Normally Jenny Mae talks about all sorts of stuff that's not boys or booze. Well, not boys at least.

JENNY MAE: I've been drunk since '91. I drank a lot before that, but I've been drunk solid since '91. [To Lisa:] You an

alcoholic?

LISA: Nah. I'm an alcoholic three days a month and I don't touch the stuff the other 27 days.

JENNY MAE: [To Kate:] Could you go seven days without drinking?

KATE: I could, but why would I want to? I love to drink. I'm good at it. I ripped off half my eyebrow once. I mowed the sidewalk with my face. Fell up two flights of stairs, fell down two flights of stairs.

JENNY MAE: Worst thing that I ever did was I played at some benefit--something to raise money for something--it was just me and my keyboard. And I was so drunk I couldn't remember any of my songs. It



was pathetic. And I didn't see the edge of the stage and I fell off. And when I hit the ground I fucking puked. Dinosaur Jr. was there, and J. Mascis said to me--there was a bakesale going on--he said, "So, what's up with this bakesale?" And I said, "Fuck you! What do you fucking think? It's a fucking bakesale! They put out cakes and pies and you buy 'em." I screamed it at him and someone said, "That's J. Mascis!" I said, "I don't give a fuck who it is!" Did you ever wake up with someone you couldn't believe you were waking up with?

KATE: I woke up with Neil Haggerty once. Pussy Galore was staying at my house like the day before they broke up. I fell asleep while they were in the "jam room" making god-awful noise. I wake up the next morning and there's Neil saying, "Play with yourself. Play with yourself." I opened my eyes and said, "Hey, how you doing?" And so I went downstairs and left Neil in my bed. I went back up at around 11 o'clock and there's my boyfriend in bed

--he must've gotten in it after I left--and he's looking *so sheepish*. I go, "What's wrong with you?" He goes, "I was humping my hard-on against what I thought was your back, but it was Neil Haggerty!"

JENNY MAE: The first drummer of Pavement, he was a homeless guy. Fucking crazy.

KATE: He was hilarious.

JENNY MAE: He said to me, in his underwear, "I don't mean to be disrespectful, ma'am, but if you're in'ested, I'd like to make love to you." He preferred to be outside. He slept outside. He'd fall down, pass out, then get up and play with Pavement. To be honest with you, they went downhill after he left the band.

KATE: [To waitress] Where is our food? Do you hate us?

WAITRESS: We love you.

JENNY MAE: [To waitress:] Don't listen to her--she uses the f-word constantly. It's very upsetting. I love the f-word. It makes things flow smoothly together. I mean really--what would we do without it? It just makes things kind of flow naturally. You know, my husband is so into me being on my period. He would do the barbecued wings.

LISA: What's that?

JENNY MAE: Eating a girl out on her period! He'd come up with a bloody-ass face, going crazy.

KATE: Guys that won't have sex with a girl having her period are so gay. Like male vegetarians are so gay. Gay.

JENNY MAE: We use the black towel and that's the end of it. "Get the black towel, honey, I got blood." Makes him feel like a wild animal.

KATE: That guy in Gaunt that Lisa did a few days ago in Massachusetts--

JENNY MAE: That's my favorite fucking band! Who'd you fuck?

KATE: She fucked Jerry Wick.

JENNY MAE: You fucked Jerry Wick? He's such an asshole! He's the biggest asshole. He's one of my best friends. He's fucking crazy.

JEFF: Jerry's a fucking ass.

JENNY MAE: He has cleared more parties--I can't even tell you the shit that Jerry Wick has done.

KATE: I got this middle-of-the-night email from Lisa right after she fucked Jerry Wick written by the aliens through Jodie Foster in *Contact*. It was like, "Why must you

unnecessarily dichotomize my evening of pleasure? What's wrong with your mentality? You are someone who uses the word "adherent"--get with the program mother-fucker. 999--fuck you! Was locked out of the house and kicked the door down. You can imagine my sex life." I don't know who she thought she was writing to, but it made an odd kind of sense.

JENNY MAE: I drink with Jerry Wick about twice a week. He played guitar on my record!

BAMBI: Small world.

JENNY MAE: He played on "Camel Toe" and--

LISA: Are you pro or con?

JENNY MAE: Pro or con camel toe? I don't care when a woman's jeans are so tight she's got camel toe, but on a man it's not even natural. Not even natural. You fucked Jerry Wick? Nobody fucks Jerry Wick.

JEFF: Nobody fucks Jerry Wick.

KATE: He's one of these people who can't wait for you to stop talking so he can start.

JENNY MAE: I've never met not one girl who would fuck Jerry Wick. Everybody hates him in Ohio. His ass has been kicked by about everybody. He's pissed off more people...

LISA: He's cute though.

KATE: Lisa loves the guys that women will not go near.

LISA: I do.

KATE: If they're smelly, insane, undesirable.... GG Allin.

JENNY MAE: You fucked GG Allin?

LISA: No, I didn't go all the way with him.

KATE: She sucked his one slimy tooth!

JENNY MAE: You're kidding me. [To Jeff] Do you know who GG Allin is?

JEFF: No.

JENNY MAE: This fucking animal who would just shit on stage and fling it into the crowd. The most out-of-control fuck ever

KATE: Lisa will go with anybody who America hates. Like Boyd Rice--everybody hates Boyd Rice, you have a baby with him. Costes--he sets fire to his balls, you marry him.

JENNY MAE: You're fucking crazy, man.

KATE: Huh, huh, huh--she is! I can't believe she fucked Jerry Wick, though

JENNY MAE: There's a term we have in Columbus: getting Wick'd. If someone starts being an asshole on you, you say,

"Man, I'm getting Wick'd here, I'm outta here." The first night Jerry Wick meets Jeff's girlfriend--and she's pretty as a fucking button--he looks at her and says, "Who's worst, Reagan or Fidel Castro?" She's young, she doesn't know. He says, "You don't know because your mind cannot let you fucking know because--"

JEFF: He went on forever.

KATE: Go to Cuba then, Fuckface.

JEFF: He's always getting drunk and offending girls.

JENNY MAE: He just brings up shit he knows people don't know about, and then makes them look stupid because they don't know about it. Who would want to sit around and talk about Reagan and Fidel Castro? Nobody. It's over. Like bringing up the Hindenburg exploding and saying, "What do you guys think?" You're all like, "I don't know what to say, Jerry."

"Oh, well, you guys are stupid. You have no fucking idea." He was serious about the Hindenburg. He said, "You don't know this shit?" Jerry Wick, he preys on people.

KATE: He thinks Lisa fucked him because he threw a bottle against the wall. That's what he told Jeremy.

JENNY MAE: There's a picture of Jerry Wick on my first album cover. Me and him and Big Lisa--a big black girl with tits up to here--we were trying to make an omelet and somehow Jerry Wick started getting omelet everywhere. I don't know what happened, but it was all over him. You can see the picture on the album. He's a really bad cook.

LISA: You realize I'm falling in love, listening to all this.

KATE: Why? Seriously. Why do you have such an instinct for the men with the bad personalities?

LISA: Because things happen around them. I like interesting times better than good times. And what?--like I don't make a mess with the omelet and get kicked out of parties? I'll talk about the Hindenburg--why not? What's that song "Dairy Boy" about?

JENNY MAE: Gina Maria. They call her "Mother." Mother fell in love with my husband and me. She was crazy. She was one of the first people ever to get a sex change. She fucked Bobby Kennedy, she was with the Reagans. Her father was on the consulate of Puerto Rico, and the stories she would tell! You'd be like, "You're lying." But she had pictures! She used to run around with Jan Michael Vincent. She was a burlesque dancer. She got all these

breast implants. She would make me get her sushi. She's the kind of woman who could make you do anything. She was 70 and she had this 19-year-old boyfriend named Dairy Boy. He lived in Wisconsin. And she would say, "Dairy Boy is cooooooming. That boy is commmming." She kept saying that to me. And I would say, "Yes, Mother." And then I'd say, "I thought Dairy Boy was coming." She'd say, "He called from the airooooort. He can't make it because he broke his arms."

KATE: Arms-zuh?

JENNY MAE: Yeah, both arms. Dairy Boy never came. You know what? I'm scared of you.

KATE: Why would you be scared of me?

JENNY MAE: You give me the impression you could kick my ass if you wanted to

KATE: Why the fuck would I want to?

JENNY MAE: You know rottweilers? You could see one, and he could be so sweet to you--but he's a rottweiler.

KATE: I like you.

JENNY MAE: I don't mean nothing disrespectful, I just get that vibe. Look, I'm being submissive to you. [Rolls over onto her back like a submissive dog.]

KATE: We respect one another.

JENNY MAE: Maybe that's it. Maybe I never felt respect before and it's freaking me out. I never kissed a woman before either until making out with Lisa last night--that's freaking me out too.

Then Jenny Mae flashed the entire restaurant for no reason, then our food finally arrived. The next morning Jenny Mae and Jeff rolled in at 7. Jenny Mae stripped down to bra and panties, straddled and sniffed me, terrorized the cat with a vaseful of flowers, and I rolled out of bed to turn the tape recorder on.

JENNY MAE: "Blue eyes... baby's got blue eyes..." You know that Elton John song?

JEFF: Absolutely.

JENNY MAE: I was fucking cranking it like it was the best song ever written. I really thought it was! I said, "Shut up, I love this song! 'Baby's got blue eyes...'" "Jenny--" "Shut up! I love this song!" [Almost knocks the TV over.] My ass is bigger than I thought it was. Woah, come on now. That goddam thing! It gets me in the trouble all the time. Always breaking people's things. Photograph me, Queenie. [Makes Jeff





Jenny Mae & Lisa

The first night:
we got along
great!



The offending bum (JM's)

Below: my bum (Lisa's) in black satin
hot pants looking startlingly
similar to JM's. Those are her
hands.

Giving each other
the Kate & Bambi high-
five ... the 3rd day, Lisa
having slept 4 hrs.;
Jenny Mae: 0.



With Kate →

It was a
fun weekend!



take a picture of the offending bum. Then says to Lisa:] You were peeing last night! There were all these damn people in line at the bathroom and Lisa just pushed right past them and pulled down her shorts and started peeing in the sink. Everyone was like, "Hello!" She was like, "What?! I'm just pissing in the sink!" I was like, "I love her." That guy last night said to me, "You wig-wearing motherfucker!" I said, "Excuse me?"

JEFF: You know what that made you think? "I gotta get that boy."

JENNY MAE: Naw, it made me think I gotta punch him.

JEFF: Now Momma. Once he said that, you thought, "I gotta have him."

JENNY MAE: I punched him twice.

JEFF: He played that I-don't-care and you were all over him

JENNY MAE: I'll punch you for saying that! Bitch!

JEFF: But he was hot, wasn't he? Mac Daddy worked it.

JENNY MAE: I don't give a shit about how he looks. I don't care if he's handsome. But then he said, "Jenny--" so slow like that, and started feeding me ice cream with his fingers. I said, "You fuck girls on their period?" [laughs] He makes a ton of fucking money, he's got a gorgeous apartment, and he's a fucking cock. He's stupid. I saw his CD collection, I was like, "What? Let's get the fuck outta here!" When I saw the soundtrack to *Top Gun*, I was just gonna start swinging. Blindsided him.

JEFF: "Fly into the danger zone."

JENNY MAE: I was gonna get a beer out of the refrigerator and cold-cock him with it. "You take my breath away." I was like, "I listen to this song once and then I'm outta here." They thought I meant out of the apartment, no—I meant I want out of this world. Just kill myself. "You take my breath away." Key change. "You take my breath away." That's all it is, key changes. What a classic tune, man.

When I got home and realized I hadn't asked Jenny Mae a single pertinent question, I called her up.

JENNY MAE: I can't believe I beat that guy up. I must've got that from you, because I don't normally just attack people. I was like, "She's right, this is way the heck cool. This is the way to solve problems." This weekend got so demented, I just got depressed as soon as Dave [her husband] saw me at the airport, saw that I hadn't been to bed in three days. That "Oh, I'm so out of control, what's wrong with me?" kind of shit, you know?

LISA: That's what I felt like driving home. I thought, "What's wrong with me?" Why did I punch that guy with long hair? I can't remember.

JENNY MAE: I said, "Give me five." He said, "No." You said, "Goddamit, motherfucker, if Jenny Mae says give her five, you give her five!" And you punched him straight in the face. Boom! Boom! Straight in the face, twice. The bouncer

came over, "Hey, hey, hey, hey!" You said to the bouncer, "I didn't do it! He started it!" And he wasn't doing anything but sitting there! I was laughing so hard. You kept on going, "He fucking started it!" The bouncer was like, "Well you're both out of here if it starts up again." The guy was like, "I'm sorry." I think he started believing that he did start it! So you said to the bouncer, "OK, I'm cool." And as soon as he started walking away, you go, "Motherfucker!" He whipped around, he was really annoyed. Jeff and I were just falling off our chairs laughing. The bouncer was like, "All right, all right, that's enough--you're out of here." Pushing us out the door. You called the bouncer a fucking moron. I'm glad you called. I was feeling kinda devastated, but now I'm pretty cheered up. I didn't get my money from Matador while I was there, I didn't even call that writer from *Entertainment Weekly*--I didn't do nothing but be crazy.

LISA: I bet that's the last time that guy doesn't high five Jenny Mae, though! I guess I should ask you some journalistic questions. What's that song "Runaway" [on There's a Bar Around The Corner...Assholes] about?

JENNY MAE: The guy was like, "Let's do 'Runaway' now, let's do the vocals on it." And I hadn't written any lyrics. So I was like, "Um, OK. Hold on, I gotta write a couple notes down." I had just met Dave and I was wild in love with him, so I just wrote the song in two minutes. The song itself--the chord progression--took two minutes too. "Ho Bitch" [on Don't Wait Up For Me] was this guy who used to be my drummer, his girlfriend had just broke up with him and he was screaming these things at me. "What the fuck happened to my family? Why the hell am I so unhappy?" He saw his girlfriend sitting across the bar and he started yelling at her, "I'm dying here! I'm fucking dying, can't you see that?" It was time to record that song, so I just wrote down what he said as the lyrics.

LISA: And then you just added all those "la-la-la-la's to it. It's weird because you have such a beautiful voice--it's like beautiful-life person voice. You picture this person who shops at Pier 1 and they have it all together, they're a great hostess, and you're thinking, "Man, how can she have it all together?" But then you start listening to the words, and you're thinking, "Wow, what's this beautiful

hostess doing saying that?"

JENNY MAE: The first record people described as when I was actually out drinking; my second record they said was my hangover

LISA: Yeah, one review said it was "when regret meets disdain" just before dawn.

JENNY MAE: I walked up to Amy's apartment in the afternoon and she had just played it for the first time, she was smoking a lot of cigarettes, she was depressed because her friend had just moved. She was still playing it, and I said, "Man, this is the perfect--this sounds exactly what you look like you feel like right now." Just sitting in your room in the afternoon full of smoke and just bumming out.

LISA: What will your next album be like? JENNY MAE: Oh, I've already started on it, girl, and it's dance. Something for the queens to shake their asses to. I have a guy from the Columbus symphony gonna put all the strings on, that's gonna be so gorgeous.

LISA: Tell me more what the songs are about.

JENNY MAE: "Senior Year," that's my brother. He was a senior in high school and he thought he was so cool. He didn't want a girlfriend because he didn't want to be tied down. "Tunis Loonis" was I worked with this lesbian out at the airport. She told me, "Man, I remember when I told my mama I was gay, she said, 'Stay away from your Uncle Tunis Loonis.'" I said, "You got an uncle named Tunis Loonis?" She said, "Yeah, he's the head of the KKK in such-and-such chapter down south." I said, "Is that is KKK name?" She said, "No, that's his birth name. Tunis Loonis." So I was like, "That's fucking weird." "Virginia" is about my mom. I tried to quit playing the trumpet when I was in little--because it gets to be uncool--and she wouldn't let me. Because I was first chair and I was really good at it. And I was so glad and thankful later.

LISA: What do you feel while you're playing?

JENNY MAE: I've had songs go so well that I'm just so sucked in, I'm just thinking I'm in the audience listening. So I lose my place [on keyboards]. My band always covers my back when I do that. What are some other songs I could tell you the story to? Oh, "David's Allergies," that's about Dave's allergies. [Lisa laughs.] It really is. "Is there something in the air, boy? What's wrong, your eyes are all red?" That was literally me saying that

to him. I wrote that in New Orleans when I was totally wasted and I thought it was kind of cool. And the boys are like, "Let's do 'Dave's Allergies.'" So we did.

LISA: It sounds so meaningful on the CD.

JENNY MAE: Doesn't it, though?

LISA: It's like "California Dreaming" or something--you can't get it out of your head.

JENNY MAE: Yeah, it is. That cracks me up. Everybody asks me about it, like what does it symbolize? Jeff said he likes the way I write because it's not fancily put, it's just what it is. It's just the truth. You know how some people will word things and it just symbolizes something? But what I write is just what it says.

LISA: But you know there's all this magic already. You don't have to create any. You can just see it. Like after all that carousing we did, Kate and I went to her house and we were just happy to be together at 7 AM and we saw a rainbow and we started crying. You don't have to make anything up, or make anything big out of it--just this rainbow came up and we're friends and we started crying. And if you just say that, people will know what you're talking about. Everybody's experienced something like that some time, somehow. Maybe it was something totally different--maybe their mom died and they were thinking about God and they saw like the sunlight on some apple blossoms: that could be totally the same feeling.

JENNY MAE: Oh, absolutely. I hate to tell people what the lyrics are because I don't want to disappoint them.

LISA: My favorite of your songs is "Canceling the Game."

JENNY MAE: Bela wrote those lyrics. I like those lyrics a lot. Everybody got mad at me when they found out I didn't write them. I was like, "Doesn't matter."

LISA: Oh yeah. It's only since Bob Dylan singers suddenly had to be writing their own songs. But songs are these things in themselves! This new idea in the last 30 years that they have to be a big statement and the person singing it had to write it--no! They're wrong!

JENNY MAE: People are always telling me to make my songs longer. I'm like, "That ain't gonna happen. Why? There's nothing else to say about them. How long can I go on about Dave's allergies?" I make 'em as long as they need to be.



Korea: Nippleless and Pantyline-free

Malloy

Kirsten spent six months in Seoul, Korea teaching English.

LISA: Did anyone brief you before you went on what not to wear?

KIRSTEN: I had a two-week training session. They said that we should dress professionally. Sleeves--you could never have anything sleeveless. Long skirts. One of the teachers had walked into the classroom wearing pants, and you could see her underwear line, and the whole class was laughing and laughing and laughing, because it was so embarrassing to them. When you buy pants in Korea, they often have a lining above the knee so



Kirsten's best friend & Kirsten Americans are so messy!

that you will never see the underwear line. They're also very neat, well-put-together, like you should never have a bra strap showing. You can't buy tampons. They think it's dirty to put something up there.

LISA: My friend from Taiwan sent me these Nippleless--bandages you put over your nipples so that there's no chance of an erect nipple ever sticking up through the bra and shirt. So I put them on, and when I looked at myself, it was weird--I looked like a toy. I felt like I was breakable. When you've sanded down all your gross, womanly stuff--no nipples, no pubic hair, no mess--then it feels like your power's gone, you have no feelings, and anyone might as well come along and break your arm off, because you're not real. That sounds nuts, but put some Nippleless on and see if you don't feel the same!

KIRSTEN: My first impression of Korea was, "Is this place real?" I felt like I was in The Jetsons. Korea has, in the last ten years, grown immensely, become a lot more industrialized, so most of the shops are new. There's tons of neon lights and the people who work there are very sleek and well-groomed. It just seems really plastic. My best friend, who is Korean, has a problem with it because everyone's so similar, everyone dresses the same.

LISA: Did you see any rebels on the street?

KIRSTEN: I'd point out someone with dyed red or green hair, and my friend would tell me they're not Korean, they're Japanese. But

there is a rave or hip hop scene. They wear baggy pants and make their hair stick up. *Everyone* is really skinny. There's got to be a lot of eating disorders. Some of the Koreans eat rice cakes all day long, they never eat a meal. The Korean women are almost like little boys because they're so skinny. They don't have any curves or breasts.

LISA: Maybe that's a form of modesty--like they wouldn't want to be fat because then they'd be sticking a roll of fat in someone else's space, or if a panty line were showing it would be like sticking your crotch in someone's face.

KIRSTEN: Ambiguity and conformity are very important.

LISA: Did you see any fat Koreans at all?

KIRSTEN: The only ones who were even slightly bigger were the aju-mas, the older women selling food in the market place.

LISA: What on earth must they think of Americans? Because we're so fat and sleazy and gross!

KIRSTEN: Well, yeah, they think Americans are really big. They think the entire country is massive.

LISA: Like everyone weighs 300 pounds, with their bra strap showing? And the men weigh even more, and they wear t-shirts that list ten reasons why a beer is better than a woman. We shouldn't let tourists go to Salisbury Beach.

KIRSTEN: I've been there. It's true. They also say our roads are really big, buildings are really tall, portions of food are massive. In Korea, it's very little dishes. A meal would be three or four side dishes, little portions, and you share with everyone.

LISA: Are there love hotels in Korea like there

are in Japan?

KIRSTEN: Yeah, they're called jagwan. Because virginity is such an important thing for Korean women, it would be older Korean men in the jagwans, cheating on their wives with prostitutes.

LISA: Do the prostitutes live in the jagwans?

KIRSTEN: Some do. It's a really cheap place to live. A lot of foreigners live in jagwans because it's so cheap. I had a friend who lived in one and I went to his apartment at midnight, in Korea it's really bad for a woman to be going into a jagwan at midnight. And his friend was there too. There's a limit--supposedly you're not supposed to have more than one man and one woman in a jagwan. So my friend was all worried, because having that extra man there was illegal.

LISA: So group sex would be a really difficult thing to arrange.

KIRSTEN: Yeah.

LISA: With all that repression, do you think people are kinkier or just really not experiencing much sexually?

KIRSTEN: There's both. There's definitely a lot of innocence in their culture. Some people wouldn't even think of kinky things.

LISA: What gives you that impression?

KIRSTEN: They seem very shocked by certain things. My friend was going out with a Korean man, and he mistakenly thought she was a stereotypical Korean woman--passive, definitely a virgin, innocent. Women can't even smoke on the street--they're very low class if they do that. But my friend grew up in Indonesia for

nine years and went to college in the U.S. and then came back to Korea, so she was a very untypical Korean. This man she was dating was a very Korean man. He was a virgin, he was 35 years old. She was always doing things that shocked him. One time she kissed him in public to say goodbye and he just freaked out. You're not supposed to make any public displays of affection, it's considered very crude. Maybe they don't think of certain out-of-the-ordinary sexual explorations because they're not exposed to it as much in the movies.

LISA: I think there's pressure in America to be sexually adventuresome. My friend feels guilty because she doesn't want to engage in a threeway, she feels like she's cheating her boyfriend out of something--but he doesn't even want one anyway! She feels like everyone else is out there doing it and talking about it and she's boring because she isn't. And I think that's the same reason a lot of American girls lose their virginity before they're ready.

KIRSTEN: In American society, people have this real need to be different, and it separates people into little cliques. It divides people on a very superficial level, like by clothes and music. Americans view conformity negatively, they stress the individual so much I think they sometimes lose the individuality. In Korean society, everyone is wearing the same thing, so when you talk to someone, you are talking to them, not their clothes or their style. For me, I'm a bit old-fashioned. I like courting. I like that it is more innocent there. Oh, I told you about jagwans but I forgot the videobungs. They're actually illegal, but somehow they stay in business. You rent movies and a room, and a lot of couples do that to have privacy--kiss and be intimate, but not necessarily go too far. Most people live at home until they get married, so it's hard to ever be physical.

LISA: What does Korean courtship entail?

KIRSTEN: I saw a lot of men carrying flowers. From what I heard from my students, it just seemed very sweet. The men, when they fall for a woman, fall really hard. They have this thing called booking. You go to a club and if you want to meet someone, you tell a waiter, and the waiter will bring the girl over. This is a very respectable way to meet someone. You're usually with a group of friends. You sit and talk, and if you like each other, you arrange a date for the next time. If you don't, then after a few minutes they go back to their table. There's also a lot of arranged things. That's one of the nice things about the Korean courtship system. I think in America a lot of people are lonely, they haven't had anyone in a really long time. But in Korea, people take care of each other. If you are lonely, your friends will set you up, and it's very natural and respectable. A date would be going out to dinner and then going to a movie and maybe a video arcade.

LISA: In America, many people feel driven to create their own world, or change the world. Is there anything comparable in Korea?

KIRSTEN: Not at all. Most of the men will work for a reputable company like Samsung or BMW, have a well-paid job, and that gives them status. It's really important that you have the right girlfriend or boyfriend, that's a big status thing. Looks are very important, especially in the women.



cute kid!

photo by Kirsten

LISA: What is considered good-looking in a Korean woman?

KIRSTEN: Somebody who is really thin, dresses well, neat, stylish, long hair. Just very feminine. They like big eyes.

LISA: I've heard of surgery to get your eyes looking more Western.

KIRSTEN: Yes, they cut the eyelid--that fold. That's very prevalent. Korean women almost all use whitening creams. And they're deathly afraid of the sun. They often wear really pale makeup that lightens their features. Foreigners tend to look really white there too, I guess because Seoul is a very gray

place--dreary. Tall buildings that don't let the sun in. And they put bleach in the water there, so it makes your skin even whiter. They might do that because they're trying to kill bacteria in the water. But white, smooth skin with no blemishes is very important.

LISA: Were you considered attractive?

KIRSTEN: Probably moreso than other Americans because, I don't know, I'm not really loud and I'm not really big, and people liked my voice because it's high and soft. Sometimes here in America I feel like my voice isn't strong enough.

LISA: Every statement you make ends like a question too, and isn't it Asian to have a tilt like that?

KIRSTEN: Yeah, maybe so. So in one way I'd be considered attractive, but the women would say "oooh"--they felt bad for me because of my freckles, like that was the saddest thing a woman could endure. In stores, women were always trying to sell me coverup or whitening cream. So, blemishes of any kind are detrimental, and you can't be overweight at all. American women who are in shape are very healthy, and over there they're more breakable and frail--that's what's appealing to men.

LISA: What about the men--do they have muscles?

KIRSTEN: No, not at all. Most of the men are like the women--really skinny, no muscles. Most of the men all have this same short haircut with gel in it, always in place and molded just right. And they're very, very stylish and very vain. You wouldn't believe how many mirrors there are. On the subways, in the stores, on the street. In the school where I worked there were mirrors in every hall on every floor.

LISA: I would almost think that would be not just vanity, but wanting not to offend--by, say, having a boogie in your nose. Wanting to keep modest and out of the way.

KIRSTEN: Could be.

LISA: What happens if you're a really ugly girl?

KIRSTEN: Oh god, then you're in trouble. If you're fat or ugly, your chances of finding a boyfriend are really limited. Women are still seen as kind of possessions, not as real people. There are always exceptions to the rule, and there must be some men there who don't require a beautiful woman by their side, and would just really like a woman's personality. But there's just too many people to please, that's one of the problems in relationships there. You have to please the families of both partners and there's status issues. After a while of being there, I started to feel like a blemished big girl.





That's his horse mask. The groom rides him home, picking up a money trail left by bride's mom.

LISA: What would be an average age of marriage and first child?

KIRSTEN: Most women get married around age 24, most men at 27, 28. They say if you're not married by the time you're 29, then people think something's wrong with you that someone doesn't want to marry you. The first child would arrive around a couple of years after the marriage. The weddings usually take place in a wedding hall. They're usually booked full every day, so you can book it for just an hour, an hour and a half, and then the next couple comes in. It seemed rushed and impersonal to me. But it's a big deal, so your friends from high school and college come, as well as your family. It's important. Afterwards, they'll rent out a restaurant, and there are huge, long tables with billions of side dishes. I went to a traditional wedding in a small village in southern Korea where the groom wore a horse mask and there was all this chanting and dancing.

LISA: What about divorce?

KIRSTEN: Very uncommon. It's really, really important to keep the family unit. A divorce would be making waves or bringing attention.

LISA: Again the modesty.

KIRSTEN: Yeah. Holding the family together is number one, most important.

LISA: What about death?

KIRSTEN: They bury their dead above ground, so it's mounds rather than tombs.

LISA: Buddhism is the main religion there?

KIRSTEN: Yeah, and Confucianism. There's a big wave of Christian missionaries going into Korea. I met a lot of Christian Koreans who were adamantly conservative and even more sexually repressed. People I didn't even know, the first question they would ask me on the subway was, "Do you believe in God?" And then they'd try to get me to believe in God.

LISA: Strangers would say that to you first thing?

KIRSTEN: Yes. That and "Are you married?" Those are the two most important things to Koreans.

LISA: Did they want to marry you off to a nice Korean Christian?

KIRSTEN: They do like to match-make. But as a white woman, I was definitely not pursued very much. Korean men usually will date and marry Korean women. Korean men are really important in the family structure, especially the first son. There's all these responsibilities. No Korean woman wants to marry a first son, because it's so much work. She has to move into the mother-in-law's house and take care of the whole family.



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Ancient Conquerors

LISA: What makes a conqueror? What are some common traits and early experiences?

KEN CARVER: No respect for other people's property. Not a strong respect for other people's rights. And it's usually manifested fairly early on. Like Genghis Khan.

LISA: He killed his first man at 13.

KEN: Yes. Alexander The Great, he was at war when he was a teenager. He had two tricks that he liked a lot. One was the Greek phalanx. That worked really well in battle. They lined their men up very closely together row after row, so everybody got a whack at the enemy when they came charging up. But to avoid battle he would offer his enemies to stay in power and he would put someone in to co-rule with them if they didn't fight back. So when he came to a city the ruler would think, "Hm, I could lose it all or I could lose some of my power." Taking a look at Alexander's army, a lot of them would decide to lose power. That saved men, time--how else can you conquer the world in ten years but to get people to cooperate?

LISA: People always look at the cruel side of conquering, but when most of the world is conquered, there's often a flowering of

culture and religious freedom.

KEN: Trade is increased. Genghis Khan only charged ten percent tax. Trade routes were opened, because they no longer had to pay tax to every little kingdom they came through. They only had to pay one tax--to Genghis. That worked out well. Everybody got richer

LISA: Who was the most ineffectual leader?

KEN: They were all ineffectual as far as keeping the world united. None of the great conquerors' empires lasted long when it was dependent on one man. Something like Rome, that was dependent on a system--that seemed to last longer.

LISA: Who do you think died the best?

KEN: Genghis died from partying hearty. So did his son.

LISA: I thought Genghis died on his horse in battle.

KEN: That's what they said, but actually he was partying and he gagged on his own vomit.

LISA: Attila gagged on his own nosebleed, and he was too drunk to notice.

KEN: So let's see what we have in common so far: excess, cruelty, disrespect for property, and not knowing when to stop.

LISA: If you had to trade lives with one of them, which would it be?

KEN: Alexander The Great did a lot of traveling. But I'd say Genghis Khan because he was a better partier. And he was only homosexual once in a while whereas Alexander was homosexual all of the time.

LISA: Was he bi or totally homo?

KEN: He had a wife but he didn't sleep with her.

LISA: Who would you most like to have dinner with?

KEN: None of them are pleasant. I wouldn't want to be around any of them. They're not good neighbors. They're not nice people

to be around.

LISA: Vlad the Impaler--he liked to eat dinner while surrounded by fresh victims hanging on spikes.

KEN: Yes, but you have to understand that they weren't human--they were only Muslims. And they were invading his country. He was not a conqueror, he was a freedom fighter. He was trying to oust the invader. Nice guy, though.

LISA: Who's the most interesting living conqueror?

KEN: Conquering now is a different thing entirely. To gain the things now that a conqueror gets--wider trade areas, more riches...actually believe it or not Clinton's doing a great job. Just got an agreement with all the states in South America to join in a trade pact by the year 2005. He's the most powerful man in the world right now and he's doing a good job as far as bringing our neighbors under his umbrella. He may end up being the greatest conqueror ever--and nobody will notice. He's not doing it by force of arms, but he's bringing all these countries in line. It'll be free trade first, then a common currency. It'll be the biggest, most numerous--besides China and India--trade affiliation in the world. And the richest in the world, by far.

LISA: Do you think one man can change the times, or do you think the times make the man?

KEN: It seems that the times can call up the man, but if he doesn't appear, maybe we don't know that anything would've happened. If the times aren't ready for the man, then if he appears what difference would it make?

LISA: Do you have any advice for an aspiring conqueror reading *Rollerderby* today?

KEN: Show no mercy to your enemies, but you also have to have a way that people can get out of it so that they can be your friends. If you're completely merciless and everybody dies that comes in contact with you, they're all gonna gang up on you. There has to be a way that it's to their advantage to be conquered, or it's not gonna work.



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Religion



Illustration: Dame Darcy

This first one was just a conversation.

LISA: Are you really shy talking about religion to someone other than me?

RACHEL JOHNSON: Oh, very much.

LISA: Me too! Why do you think that is?

RACHEL: It comes from your most private place. It's more private than sex. It's the most private thing there is; it's your private relationship to the world.

LISA: Yeah--I know my relationship to sex, but I don't know my relationship with religion. My pussy is clear; it's obvious. My soul is not. Even just the words holy and blessed and miracle make me shiver. There's something...I see tendrils of it in the weather, or a feeling. You and I have felt that together sometimes. Swinging on the swings in a storm, and we believe we are going to fly into the sky. The feeling is stretched between us, it's real.

RACHEL: I think about that New Year's Eve storm every time I cross the railroad tracks by your old house next to the deserted lot in Rochester. And I think how I'd love to get that feeling again. I get it in nature sometimes.

LISA: I get it anywhere, but it's unspeakable, uncommunicable. It's a non-human connection, and to be able to have it sometimes with another human (you), then I know I'm not alone. There's a similar feeling in sex, but in sex it's like I'm not a person anymore--I am sex. In religious feeling, I'm me, superlucid, yet transformed.

RACHEL: It's otherworldly--we transcend place and time completely. Like Rochester--depressing, poor, a ghost town. I remember feeling unhappy and ugly and lost, and you were kind of going crazy at the time, you had completely exiled yourself. You and I were barely even talking. We ascended all that into utter joy. All this joy and energy. We drank the night.

LISA: It's electricity in the human form. It's an overwhelmingly secretive feeling, because it's admitting you believe in magic.

RACHEL: How much more vulnerable can you get than to admit to someone else that you believe in that?

LISA: And religion is this right-out-in-the-open training to reach that feeling!

DERRY CLUNT: Sex in religion? Jewish guys got big dicks.

LISA: Really? It's hard to notice with those loose khaki pants they wear.

DERRY: They roll them up, they hide them. They make excuses for them, they stammer about them. But I'm telling you...the best-hung of the white race. They'll take care of you. They'll blow you. They'll let you blow in their face. You'll squirt.

I believe any act taken while thinking of God is a divine act, whether it's making coffee or fucking. You could trade mutual funds sublimely. Why not? What I'm

talking about is the absolute reverse of hypocrisy.

Our generation is the first one that has been brought up without a religion. Religion is one of the big things now, at the end of this 1,000 years. And I think we need it. The Hindus recognize it as Kali yug, the age of darkness. So what is prescribed now, for this time--the most important thing we can do--is engage ourselves with other people who want the truth badly. To get to the truth of the matter, you can't use your head. Some mystic sage said the head digs the ditch and the heart bridges it.

LISA: But it's hard to do. It's terrifying, because to admit to the elusive is to give up control, give up the reigns of knowledge. You let the horse run free, and you think he might trample you.

MIKE McPADDEN: I thought you could have sex and drink and do whatever the fuck you want and go to church and still be a Catholic.

LISA: But you can't. The bible says no, the pope says no.

MIKE: There's a gay haiku in *Happyland* [Mike's fanzine] that goes: "Gerbils up my ass/jizm on my lips/still the church says no." The church could say no, but I figured everybody did it. I would go to church and I'd pray to God all the time--mostly out of fear, and for immediate material things, to get me out of trouble. I thought you could fuck chicks, get loaded, God would forgive you. You've never seen a more sexually deformed individual than I am--

LISA: You're sexually deformed?

MIKE: Christ almighty, yes.

LISA: Hey, let's hear about this.

MIKE: I'm the man who invented *Barely Legal* magazine, for the love of fucking humanity!

LISA: My friend just broke up with her boyfriend because she found out he bought a copy of *Barely Legal*.

MIKE: She should fucking break up with the universe, man. You know Brian Keith, Uncle Bill from *Family Affair*? He shot himself. The media chose not to report that his daughter had shot herself about three weeks earlier. The reason she shot herself was she had a fight with her boyfriend after finding a copy of *Barely Legal* in the front of his truck.

LISA: Do you feel guilt over that?

MIKE: I don't feel good about it. I don't feel directly responsible either, though.

LISA: I wouldn't feel an ounce of guilt over that.

MIKE: I feel guilty in the sense that I didn't make the world better. I didn't make the world a place where a person wouldn't want to commit suicide.

LISA: What was the thing that clicked and made you ready for religion again, after having given up Catholicism at 18?

MIKE: I drank obsessively. I used to drink to the point I was going to die from it. I had recollections of being a decent kid, and I had become a thoroughly indecent adult. And I thought it might be nice to revive whatever part of me was once decent--which meant I had to stop drinking. The only way I could do that was through spiritualism.

LISA: It was more than that. You created this brand new identity for yourself. You wanted to destroy the whole self you'd become.

MIKE: The indecent self that I created.

LISA: But that was part of you. That came out of needs intrinsic to your nature.

MIKE: Oh yeah. But I let it go too far. I tossed it onto the Christ within and it burned clean.

LISA: And you think you can handle that. You think you can just kill forever the part of you that...that wants to be bad.

MIKE: Yeah, it's called my penis and testicles. [Lisa laughs.] And it's a big part of me. But, uh...the conflict of working at *Hustler* and doing something anti-spiritual drove me insane.

LISA: How is pornography anti-spiritual?

MIKE: I wouldn't put a blanket on all pornography. The pornography I specifically created was anti-spiritual and anti-human, especially anti-female. I wrote porno movies too. There was an actress who refused to do a scene unless the guy wore a condom. I told the guy to use the condom, come inside it, and then dump it all over her face when she wasn't looking.

LISA: And that's considered good porn?

MIKE: People reacted positively to it.

LISA: Well, maybe you're a creep, but I don't think pornography in itself is creepy. I think it's easier to be humiliated being a waitress, because you're getting paid less and shit on more.

MIKE: If you're far away from it, it's jokey. It's a big joke. But when you're in the midst of it and you see the machinations of it, that's when you understand what it's actually about. It's about hating a woman because you have to talk to her in order to fuck her.

LISA: Do you feel you chose religious science or it chose you?

MIKE: That's a really interesting question. I'd have to say both. Yeah, I think God is active. I'd have to say God shed the light and I stepped into the right place at the right time. The teaching of religious science is that God is a physical law of the universe, like electricity.



The same way that electricity does not care whether it cooks your food or burns down your house, God will show up, and he doesn't care about the consequences. But if you are prepared to allow God in, he comes.

LISA: That's good. What I don't like about Christianity is there's a lot of "should's" tossed around. It should be this way, so it must be this way. But I think God, or life, doesn't care what you think he should do or be. That's one reason I chose Judaism--they don't care about should. They talk about is and will be. What eternally is.

MIKE: Religious science is a Christian religion, but the "should's" are not there.

LISA: So yeah, all these people in their late 20s are suddenly questioning their atheism. Suddenly seeing that they're not absolutely independent. They're realizing they need a language that gives recognition to a feeling of sublimeness or blessedness. My friends, who are intellectuals and perverts, are suddenly getting religion, but not the religion they grew up with. Why do you suppose that is?

MIKE: These are the same people who started disgusting fanzines or pee-peed on stage.

LISA: Or pee-peed on bars. And were lushes. And had rough sex.

MIKE: Some of us are under this delusion that we're special. That's why we started disgusting fanzines and that's why we're now finding wacky religions outside our framework of experience. Like all retard who find alternate religions, I have an idiotic belief that I'm better than the Irish and Italian dum-dums I grew up with.

LISA: Don't you find it strange how perfectly regulated these things are within age? Like--OK, I'm 20, I'll pee-pee somewhere that's not a toilet, OK, I'm 28, I'll find religion?

MIKE: It's very weird. It really is. It's remarkable. It's heartening too. To be connected like that to people you've never met. With me, it was partially fear-based. I never imagined living to be as old as I am now. I truly did not believe I would live past my 20s, so now it's like where do I go from here? As you said, intellectualism fails on every count. The longer I live, the more I see that. And so all of a sudden I see that, yes there is this world of answers that we, as spoiled, humanistic, media-brainwashed Americans, have been entranced into rejecting for our entire extended adolescences.

LISA: See, I would see religion as the world of questions. Whereas when you're not religious, there's only what you can answer and then there's nothing else.

MIKE: Right. Options is what I meant, not answers.

LISA: So you went from arrogance to humility.

MIKE: Absolutely.

LISA: Was it pain that got you there?

MIKE: Pain, yes, and *embarrassment*. Embarrassment at living this long and being this ill-equipped to deal with adult life

LISA: I don't know, you've got a roof over your head.

MIKE: I am an out-of-control imbecile. I have these \$200 phone bills from calling this fucking girl in L.A. I broke up with. She talks incessantly. I listen because then we have phone sex. Yapping, yapping, yapping!

LISA: How long do you have to listen before the phone sex happens?

MIKE: I gotta put in at least an hour and a half. This is the only normal girl I ever went out with, and she is by far the most sexually deviant. This is a normal, American woman in her late 20s, she could be any girl on a sitcom, and then she just starts talking about checking out snatch at the strip club and stuff. Wow. And it's so unspeakably arousing. Whereas, if any of my other girlfriends said that, it would be like please change the subject for five seconds. Yeah, I got a roof over my head, I got nothing though--I'm all fucked up. I don't have anything. I have no college degree, I got no job.

LISA: You've spent your formative career years in porn, now what are you going to do?

MIKE: I can't do anything. I'm writing books now. Still, it's not coming fast enough.

LISA: Religious science says don't take medicine because...

MIKE: Because pain and disease is an illusion. The experience is real, but it is completely created by the mind and can be destroyed by the mind just as easily.

LISA: Doesn't it strike you as ridiculous on some level to not take antibiotics when it's proven that--

MIKE: I believe that antibiotics work because the person taking them is convinced they will work.

LISA: Then why did they work on Wolfgang when he was a baby and didn't even know what medicine was?

MIKE: Because you believed it would work. On children and animals, who are not spiritually developed, it is the people around them who influence their experiences. Christian science has techniques to get rid of the disease, by identifying the pain and telling God you're ready to get rid of it. But once it gets so out of hand, it's very difficult to do anything about. If you start out with a stomach ache, by the time it's turned into bone cancer, then you're so enmeshed in the

experience it would be very difficult for a regular human mind to undo that belief.

LISA: That's exactly what happened to my mom. It's so sad. Her brother was the good-looking, athletic, popular one. The mother loved him better. My mother told me that the first time she ever got all the attention was when she got sick when she was 11. My father was not a good husband, and she got sick. She was always going into the hospital, and no one knew what was wrong with her, but eventually she'd find a doctor who would prescribe something--she was in true pain, even though I believe it was her causing it at this point--and then that prescription drug would have some destructive effect on her, like it would weaken her bones and then she would break a bone. Her angry worrying eventually ate away at her stomach until they had to remove her intestines, and then when she got cancer it killed her in three months flat because she had no fiber, which is what slows cancer down, because all she'd been taking was liquid, broken-down food shot just about straight into her bowel. She had gotten so into the take-care-of-me-I'm-sick thing, she didn't learn many other ways of making people interact with her. So she had to cling to her helplessness and her illness. When she died, what made me most sad was not her death, but that I had never seen her really have life. Her need for this one way of manipulating people was like a cloak she wrapped around her that separated her from God, from joy, from some sort of voraciousness like you're just biting life and it tastes so good. And it killed her.

MIKE: That's what happens when you're enmeshed in a belief--you're very scared and it's difficult to undo it. And that's what ultimately leads to death.

LISA: Have you used this theory to cure yourself of disease?

MIKE: I hate cold weather, and I used to gripe all the time I always catch a cold that lasts all winter. So as I was starting to get into religious science, I was starting to get my winter cold, And I was just convinced that I didn't have to get it. And I just stopped it. Stopped it in its tracks. And here it is March and I haven't had it. I'm a guy who spent the entire winter every year of my life downing antihistamines and walking around with tissues in my pocket. The experiment they say to do is go to bed and ask God to wake you up at 7 AM, and you will wake up at 7 AM. I wake up at the same time every day now, alarm clock or no alarm clock. I don't get out of bed, but I wake up.

LISA: At 7 every day?

MIKE: Well, at 6--I have to listen to Howard Stern.

LISA: God wakes you up in time for Howard. What else does religious science say?

MIKE: God is the only cause of anything. God is the ocean and we are all waves. We are all individualizations of the one great mind

LISA: How do you serve God?

MIKE: I try to help other people who have suffered the same way I've suffered with booze.

LISA: How do you serve God when you're all alone?

MIKE: I chase evil thoughts out of my head with thoughts of goodness.

LISA: So you think God is not in evil thoughts too?

MIKE: I think evil is an illusion created by man's free will. There's only good in the world. I believe heaven and hell are spiritual states on earth. There is only God. God gave man free will because goodness and joy are meaningless unless man chooses to have them. God wants you to have them. The way he gets you to have them is, if you hurt somebody, it hurts you. If you do that enough, hopefully, you'll stop doing that and you'll realize, if I'm good to people, I feel good

LISA: What do you think people are going to think as they read this? It's such a huge chasm between thinking about stuff like that and not thinking about stuff like that.

MIKE: I think a shocking amount of people are going to feel comfort, because they are feeling this also--I think particularly in your audience.

LISA: I hope they think about it. I don't think you're right exactly, but that doesn't mean it doesn't mean something to me. To hear how someone else defines, say, evil, helps you define your own belief about it in a way you can't do silently.

MIKE: I agree with you totally. I think people like you are...not a lightning rod, but a divining rod. You pick up on...your whole world is a reflection of what's going on within you, and someone like you--you're a reflection of your whole audience.

LISA: Has your sex life changed since you found religious science?

MIKE: No.

LISA: I heard you like to put girls' heads in toilets while you're putting it in 'em from behind

MIKE: Who told you this? I don't like to do it. I did it. The girl liked it. No, my sex life has not changed. My roommate just picked up the porno tape I brought home today--pregnant women.

LISA: You brought something in the house that you realized was evil?

MIKE: Well, it's not evil--just stupid and a waste of time

LISA: Did you not just say ten minutes ago it's exploitative?

MIKE: It is exploitative and stupid and counter-productive, but there has to be room for that in your life. Especially with my penis and testicle problem. But no, when I was a fucking atheist I had tons of sex and now I barely have any. I used to be extremely ballsy when I drank, so I could talk a woman into doing horrible things with me. It's also a personality change. I'm also--I hate to even talk in these terms--in love with this chick, and I've sort of been holding out for her. We've been dating in fits and spurts for ten months now, and we've never done it.

LISA: Why does abstaining from sex have such a good rep? Why is that religious?

DEVON CHRISTENSEN: There's venereal disease, rejection from a lover...it's too charged with possibilities for deep wounding.

LISA: I would hate to live without being deeply wounded. If you look at it like, OK, I'm here and then I'm gone, or even I'm here in this form now and then the me of that form is gone, then I want the deep wounding, I want the hangover...I'll even take the VD. To have gone through my life and not experienced something, that would be no big trophy for me.

DEVON: Bad experiences become vivid and penetrating memories in a way that pleasant memories never can.

LISA: I think God is life, is being alive. God is in VD too. I tried to be good, I abstained. It made my soul irritable and withered. Carousing, depravity--I give life that way. Some people are like that, there's a generosity to it, a life feel, happiness. That's religious feeling.

TR JOHNSON: As soon as we walked in the door into the lobby of Al Green's church [The Full-Gospel Tabernacle Baptists], there were these really, really nice people who were dressed really well and were obviously just the happiest people I had ever seen in my life. And they were also very cool. In the room, everyone was kneeling, it was very quiet. All of a sudden in the wings on either side these groups of women dressed in white slowly but surely started promenading in in perfect rhythm. They were singing quietly, then it got bigger and bigger. Clapping their hands over their heads, swaying their hips. They just sang their hearts out. The band kicked in--incredible soul organ, guitar and bass and preachers came out carrying big bibles. They would spontaneously point to certain passages and would rift left and right about what it meant and hallelujah and amen and praise Jesus. They were somewhere between talking and screaming. The chorus of women--I don't know how they

were being cued--they would just sort of slide into backup vocals, and a sermon would melt into a song, and then as the song would wind down the sermon would kick back in. Every once in a while one of the women would step forth and start testifying. Telling a story, but almost having a hysterical fit, screaming hallelujah. One of the women had been about a block away from the bomb that went off at the Olympics in Atlanta. She was screaming--totally, absolutely screaming about it. Screaming in ways that were rhythmic and built around amen and praise Jesus, until it got to the point where it almost left words behind, and just became yelps and squeals and wiggle and shaking with her hands up in the air. Once she became exhausted, the chorus just enveloped her in singing again, "Jesus Is My Rock." Three hours of this every Sunday. Then they take a break and eat a huge, huge pile of food, and then they have prayer meetings that night, and more sing-alongs! For these people, religion is not abstract, it's life, it's how you live--to be a person of total joy, to be healthy, to be strong, keep the crap away from the door...keep things good. Al Green is there about half the time. When Al Green's sermons start crossing into songs, chills go down everybody's spines--he loves to do these falsetto notes and just slowly let them float away. And he runs up and down the aisles, hollering with people. The people are very wise, very nice, full of joy and full of music. The main thing this particular sect of Baptists believe is that you can summon the living presence of God by singing. Which is pretty intense. They sing for three hours until the whole place is in a state of tripping--total intensity and total chaos and total righteousness. That's where they go. It's just fierce use of the voice. Children are very welcome. There are so many babies, they're all up in one corner. They play together, and they seem very well-behaved. They're captivated by the spectacle around them.

LISA: You're a fallen Catholic.

TR: Yes, ma'am.

LISA: The stereotype is totally true about Catholic guilt, isn't it? They have the best, or most interesting, sex life, because guilt so enlivens the imagination. With those of us who were raised Protestant, our sex-guilt is only that we're not working while we're doing it, not accomplishing something tangible. We feel guilty only when we're prone

TR: You could have sex standing up.

LISA: I've tried that. I always fall over.

TR: Catholic guilt is definite-



ly a weird aphrodisiac. Once you start getting turned on, you know you're being bad, and now you're outside the law and outside the blessings of God. You're in the devil's camp, and you might as well just go all the way. And become a complete devil. Sex for a lot of Catholics is like being thrown off a cliff. Hurtling into the abyss. The flesh in general is just tainted, and any kind of relationship including the flesh becomes fraught with, you know, the fires of damnation. How are you liking being Jewish?

LISA: Liking it. It never stops--it's an endless fountain of guidance and opening things up and making me not afraid to be happy and nice.

TR: That summarizes very well the vibe I get from Al Green's church.

LISA: You think if you do that, you're going to be boring and you're going to be left behind. Harmony sounds like such a static thing when you're a little rebel, but a good religion can let you see how vibrant it is to have peace, and how dead it can be to be a vicious femme fatale, how trapped you are in your viciousness. The power you have over others is your own trap. With goodness, your eyes get just bigger and wider.

LISA: Are you a practicing Catholic?

DAME DARCY: Yeah. We try to go to church every Sunday. But I don't particularly abide by everything they say, like I'm brainwashed. I sort of take my own twist on it.

LISA: How can you go to church and say you're a Catholic and then not do what the church says? Isn't that like saying you belong to a stamp-collecting society and then you, like, collect stamps but rip them up and throw them on the ground?

DARCY: Yeah. But I didn't really choose to be a Catholic. I was trained to pray. I still want to be spiritual, but the only way I can express it is the way that I know, which is Catholicism. I think that meditation and some of the Buddhist whatever is interesting, but I think it's fun to be Catholic. It's got a lot of dolls and smoke and incest and pretty paintings of ladies bleeding. It's very *Meatcake* [Darcy's comic book].

LISA: That sounds so heretical! If there is a God, don't you think he would be shocked to hear you saying you like it for the smoke and the pretty ladies bleeding? DARCY: Oh. I don't know. He must like it, or that wouldn't be the way the church was for centunes. Right?

LISA: What's your vision of God?

DARCY: I think the way they set it up in the Catholic church is very much like a Victorian family. The father is the patri-arch who sets down the rules and reinforces them with an iron fist and is really mean and just wants everyone to do what he wants. But

at the same time, he's the one who supports everyone. And, too, he's not really around, so you have to ask Mother Mary for guidance and for gifts and for favors, and maybe she'll sneak them out of God's pocket for you. Meanwhile, Jesus is the big brother who is the martyr, because the oldest child is always the martyr, the one they test everything on. He's the one who had to be tortured so that all of us kids wouldn't have to be as tortured as Jesus. I really adore the Madonna. In Catholic school, they always called her Mother of God. So I thought, "God is a big deal, so the Mother of God has got to be an even bigger deal." In the hierarchy, I thought Mary was better than God. You see so many pictures of Mary. You never see any pictures of God! And tons of pictures of Jesus and saints all over the place. And then I realized they were saying she was only a vehicle, and she was supposed to be beneath both Jesus and God, and it really made me mad. Everything I'd been taught just flipped. To this day I feel gypped.

LISA: What is your conception of evil?

DARCY: To know something is hurtful, but to do it anyway. People who are so selfish they're just like vampires. They suck your blood, destroy your dreams. I'm not completely innocent of these things. I didn't care if I was evil when I was younger, especially to men, but now I try to not be evil to anyone, because all you're doing is propagating the evil in yourself, and it's like a cancer.

LISA: What thoughts do you think are going through the mind of someone purposely doing something evil?

DARCY: I think they're using their instinct, not their thought.

LISA: They're in a bloodlust?

DARCY: Yes.

LISA: Don't you think there's a place for cruelty in the world?

DARCY: Of course. That's what actually makes everything run. And then there's this glossy layer of denial over the top of it--of everything.

LISA: Where does goodness come in?

DARCY: Goodness is what separates us from animals--the arts and the sciences. Those come from the soul and the heart, from the highest and the purest of intentions.

LISA: Do you have a favorite saint?

DARCY: I have three. Saint Agnes was a martyr and she died a virgin.

LISA: What's so good about that?

DARCY: You know when you've worked for 24 hours on a project, and you're sleep-deprived and you're hungry, and you're just working, working, working, and you've made this thing--you're being a martyr. And

maybe someone who was supposed to pay you for it didn't pay you. But there's this certain fulfillment you get because you're a martyr.

LISA: What was Agnes's martyrdom?

DARCY: As a young child, she could heal people and would give advice, and she was a kid. When she got older, I think they put her in a pit and they told her to stop praying, and she made rosaries out of little rocks that she found in the pit, and she continued praying through it all and she died. Then she came back as a saint and people had visions of her. And I think a lightning bolt might have struck her too. Some saints are so freaky. I think Saint Wilhelmina was a virgin who got attacked by some guy. She wouldn't give in to him, so he cut her head off, but her head grew back. She killed him, and wandered around like a zombie with this other head, healing people. Which I think is a little frightening, and I don't know if I'd want her to touch me or have anything to do with her after that! But for some reason they thought she was extra-special.

LISA: What's your perception of heaven?

DARCY: Heaven looks like The Stagecoach Garage in Locus Valley in New York. The sky is pink and it has all these beautiful, blossoming trees. I want to eventually live there. Hell I actually saw once. It looks like a swarming, neverending pit of maggots, just crawling over each other. You fall in and they crawl on you and then you become them--the maggots are other tortured souls.

BILL COPELAND: So many Christians being sold down the river with the Love Jesus Hate The Deviant thing. Jesus did not say love your enemy. Jesus said love your enemy as your self. Our hearts and minds and souls are connected and the enemy is your self. It means who you really are deep deep is everybody. Buddha said the only problem is separation. Love your enemy as your self means to love your complete real self. So-called Christians will proudly recite how the deviant are devil-filled and different (meaning, perfectly separated!) from their fellow man. Alone, they are filled with self-hatred and need birds of a feather to feel human at all. Sad, but that's the truth. Oh yes, I am deviant, very much so--your perfect enemy. Prison inmates (deviant, oh my God yes) are you, as "the least of me" was Jesus. Imagine your self as the deviant person and stay imagining your self as the other person and you satisfy the sayings of Jesus and of Buddha. You are loving the other person as your self and there is no separation. That does not mean you have to make physical love to a lesbian inmate [I would

never have been so bold as to suppose it did mean that! —LC] but it does say you must walk in her shoes and completely understand her. Imagining her life you will become like her, you fear. Heavens to Betsy, no. Won't happen. The Living God will keep you safe. The inverse hierarchy ...Jesus described everything succinctly. What a guy!

PATRICK HAMBRECHT: My friend was just saying that with all holy texts, what's more important than the actual meanings of the words is the sounds and the meaning they make on some spiritual level. I can't say I get this, but he's worked it out. And he also says there's a Satan language that advertisers use, and that they're competing.

LISA: With Hebrew, the shape of the letters is a big deal. The first letter of the first word of the old testament faces in, like everything flows from it. Apparently the Hebrew is translated a little wrong in that first sentence, and some Jewish mystics say it's not so much that God created heaven and earth, but that God, in his wisdom, stepped back and created the space for the universe to create itself. The big bang or whatever. First, God was everything but then he pulled back a little space for, you know, stuff to go there. You can apply this to your relationship with your wife or your work or anything--instead of thinking about what you want from them or what already exists between you, you can step back and allow them to show you their true nature and then you can deal with it in a more realistic way. You get frustrated less, appreciate more.

PATRICK: There are a lot of things in Genesis that don't make sense. There's one part where it's like God is talking to somebody while he's making the world, like, "Hey you guys, what do you think of this?"

LISA: I think he's talking to his future wisdom. Because God is past, present, future. I think he's speaking to his more experienced self, when he knows more.

PATRICK: You think God learns? So there's a dumb God and smarter Gods?

LISA: I guess. Like a young you and older you, but he's not bound in time. So it would be a dialogue between generations? So I guess this is the "sex and religion" interview, Patrick.

PATRICK: Um...yeah, sex and religion kind of spook me out.

LISA: You were a virgin when you got married.

PATRICK: Boy. Um. Well. I came this close to doing it just the right way and I messed up, kind of, maybe...I feel. With my wife, before we were married.

LISA: I bring that up not out of prurient interest, but because unlike other people

I've interviewed who have no moral dilemma with promiscuity within religion, you had some belief system that enabled you to hold out for 23 years.

PATRICK: Well, I was really looking forward to the end of the world until I was 17 or so.

LISA: Armageddon?

PATRICK: Yeah!!! I was really hyped up on that. I thought that was going to be really great. It just seemed like it was coming from a lot of different directions. We were watching *The Day After* in junior high and I think teenagers are all really drawn to death and what's going to happen. We lived right near a whole bunch of nuclear bases, so we would've just been glass, we would've been totally gone if a nuclear bomb hit. I was just sort of looking forward to the world blowing up before I got older and had to deal with it. It just sounds like a lot of fun if you read *Revelations*--there's all these Godzilla monsters walking around and Christ has a silver tongue and everyone's really fiery.

LISA: And you wanted to be a virgin when you met Christ?

PATRICK: No, I just felt that was sort of immaterial. Like it was just sort of for dorks.

LISA: You were so involved with the next world you didn't have time for this world.

PATRICK: I wanted the next world to be this world. It's not like I wanted to go to heaven and be happy. I wanted there to be a big war of heaven on earth. There are a lot of books in our church library that are probably just sensational, but I really bought into them. Stuff like the anti-Christ is going to come and there's going to be a big war between the saints and all the bad stuff, and I wanted to be really involved in that war. And I was always worried about the Rapture--that everyone would just leave, all the Christians would leave me behind, like I wasn't quite good enough. And sometimes I would freak out--like I'd come home and there'd be nobody home and I'd just be, "Oh no, I missed it! I missed it!"

LISA: You're sounding a little nuts, so I should mention to my readers that you're really cute and normal-looking.

PATRICK: Do I sound nuts?!

LISA: Oh yeah! But I'm a little nuts too, don't worry about it. But the other thing is that, because you are good-looking, there were probably all these girls hitting on you throughout your virginity and you didn't even notice.

PATRICK: Nebraska was a pretty bad dating pool for me. Although I met my wife there, and she's really great, she's the best. But I was a complete spaz, and I think I weirded everyone out. It doesn't help if you start talking on dates about why

you're voting for the Republican party or what you think the Bible really means. That's just not a good idea, but I didn't know that at the time. I've learned that contempt and cynicism, or at least faking those qualities, really helps me get along with other people.

LISA: What is your favorite Bible story that involves sex?

PATRICK: The Song of Solomon is cool because it seems to describe foreplay. It talks about how your left hand is under my head and your right hand embraces me.... Do you think that in the end that woman has to have sex with soldiers to find her beloved?

LISA: What's the deal with that guy who gave his daughters to the mob because the mob wanted those two beggars, but the beggars were angels but the dad didn't know that?

PATRICK: In Sodom and Gomorrah. A whole bunch of guys wanted to rape the angels who looked like ordinary guys. I used to really buy into Jack Chick pamphlets. I didn't think they were ironic at all, I thought they were really great. And he always has the lewdest depictions of homosexuals--leather daddies with big pot bellies. And that's how I picture the crowd that came to Lot's house. Lot offered them his virgin daughters, but they didn't want them. And then the angels came out and blinded them, and blew up the whole town. And then Lot's wife turned to salt and then he went in a cave with his two daughters and they got him drunk and had sex with him because they had to keep the family line going. And that's how the tribes Moab and Ammonites were built, which I'm sure were two lineages Israel nation hated, because usually when the Israelites don't like someone there's a good incest story behind them. So that's kind of a good sex story.

Your magazine seems to have sort of religious themes, and the people in it act more like people in the Bible act. GG Allin is a lot more like a latter-day prophet than, say, U2. God told some guy to burn his own excrement and lie on the ground for 30 days or something like that. He said, "You know, God, I've always been really clean, I've always followed your hygiene rules, you really can't make me do this." So he said, "OK, you can use cow dung." But they always had to do a lot of rotten stuff. Preoccupation with blood and with death is a consistent theme in *Rollerderby*, people always showing themselves mauled, and that symbolism comes up a lot in the Bible too. Sex is also a big metaphor that runs



through all the Old Testament. God talks to Israel as though she were a woman who was going out on him. He's constantly yelling at her, saying that he feels that she's been unfaithful to him and now she's really going to get it.

LISA: Your dad's a preacher. Have you ever thought of being one?

PATRICK: Yeah! I've always been sort of worried that I'm going to end up doing that. I think it's tough to be a preacher. When they got married, my mom thought she was getting a sailor--my dad called himself an existentialist at that time. She was kind of bummed out when he started going to seminary school. She grew up in a Southern Baptist preacher's house and now she ended up living in another one. She was bummed out because you always have to be nice. You have to be nice to everybody, and not only that but everyone in your family has to be nice. If there's a geeky guy that nobody would dance with, she'd set him up. If somebody wasn't getting along with the group she'd have to talk with him for a little while and bring them in. And if somebody beat up their wife, that wife will be at your house at one in the morning, etc., etc. It's not just preaching--everybody's problems are your problems, and you're advisor to everybody.

LISA: What do your atheist friends think of your beliefs?

PATRICK: There's two types of atheists I run into: the Ozzy Osbourne atheists and the hipster atheists. The hipsters think it's cute that you're religious. Ozzy Osbourne atheists, and Satanist Nazi whatchamacallits, you can tell are really rebelling against God. They sort of believe in him, and they don't like him. They sing about how they don't like God. These are the types that convert. What did the members of Danzig's band form? Christ The Conqueror. People will rebel. But hipsters don't--because they don't believe in anything, so it doesn't matter. They just think belief itself is kind of quaint.

LISA: What do you think those people's inner life is like?

PATRICK: I don't know. I always wonder about that. Some of them have their own thing that they're really excited about, but I think some of them are just interested in a social vehicle, and so when they hear you talking about something, they evaluate it by how it can help them at the next party--can they repeat it for laughs, or can this be their new scene.

LISA: What is your conception of God?

PATRICK: I used to think of God as a pal. God really liked me, we were working together. But now I'm scared of God. I always knew God was bigger than anything, but now that just hit me. Fear of the Lord is

something that just obsesses me now. And I wonder how much you're supposed to fear God, how much does he want you to fear him? He wants you to love him, but I think maybe there's a lot of fear in love.

LISA: What are you afraid of? What do you think he'll do to you?

PATRICK: Well, it's funny you should bring that up, because it also has a lot to do with sex. Well, it doesn't, but I kind of feel the same way about both. I guess when I think of God these days I think about electricity, like a big, blinding strobelight in my face. And I remember how I used to be, when I was fervent, and I'm worried that if I flip on all those switches again I'll become some sort of anti-humanistic freak. I'm afraid I'll lose all compassion. Because I used to be sort of mean, really judgmental. I used to really enjoy arguing and nailing someone to the ground, showing them that they didn't have any real beliefs. And I was looking forward to fighting in the big division between heaven and hell. I don't know, there's something scary about God. And I think sex is scary too. If it wasn't, people would be having sex every day.

LISA: Some people do

PATRICK: Really? Maybe so. But obviously there's a lot of sexual tension, and that has to come out of fear, don't you think?

For Patrick's magazine God, write: Box 1575, Grand Central Station, NYC 10163.

DAVE COTNER: I was six or seven when my dad got all flipped out and said, "We should be Jewish!"

LISA: What attracted him to that religion?

DAVE: I think my dad likes the underdog. He likes to hang out with the oppressed.

LISA: Is he gonna get into Kwanza now?

DAVE: No, he's into middle-age now. He's into Oaxaca, a wacky place in Mexico with ancient ruins, a seat of the Mayan culture. He's pretty Oaxacan now.

LISA: How did you get into Christian Science?

DAVE: My mom had just divorced my dad and she was real flipped out. My mom, my sister and I sat around Tasty Burger and tried to figure out which religion we would be. I suggested Zoroastrianism, but we looked into that and you have to be born into it. And then my mom got us into Christian Science.

LISA: The thing is, when you're "searching," you don't have to...you're not tied to *doing*. You can just justify any thought process or however you want to live by saying you're searching.

DAVE: That's true. I don't think people are getting into *religion* more or less than they ever have. People are getting into philosophizing and justification. Especially with the diffusion of discipline in this

age, it's easy to experiment; it's almost encouraged. The message seems to be in these days that the search is the important thing, not the finding. Especially with the downfall of mainstream religion, the sex scandals, and even getting accosted by the Hare Krishnas in the airport. If you don't know what it is you're searching for, then you live nebulously--you don't know more specifically. And that's OK. I have an overall sense, but it doesn't seem like it makes a lot of sense. That links to faith. What I'm doing now is pursuing my life's work, which is creating. I'm involved in bringing together a community in many artistic things I'm involved in, and I think those are God-like attributes. There are certain things I have a sense of, and I try to impart them to people around me. I'll say, "You are where you're supposed to be." I think that's a very important thing.

LISA: I think that's baloney. You are wherever you landed, then you decide whether to stay there or go somewhere else. You need a solid framework, not fatalism. Take some responsibility. What if where you are is right in the middle of killing someone? You're not supposed to be there, you chose to be there.

DAVE: Well, but is that a case of my will be done over thy will be done?

LISA: Hell, yeah. Do you want to be a puppet?

DAVE: This is according to your judgments. My answers are just not the answers you're looking for.

LISA: Oh jeez. You think you're getting away with something when you say that. You're just playing around with something very important. You have to honor your religion. Religion has to be a combination of community and acceptance of the tenets. You can't pick and choose which parts you'll do. If you think you know best, then just do everything on your own, and don't say you're this or that religion.

DAVE: People do what they're gonna do. I think it's best to leave people to figure it out on their own. Sure they might go down a blind alley, but I think people are a little better than everyone gives them credit for. My mom always said hate the sin, love the sinner.

LISA: Whatever.

DAVE: If it's not for you, it's not for you. But it's a nice way to look at things, less hassles.

LISA: What's your vision of God?

DAVE: The reference in Christian Science is the father-mother-god.

LISA: I don't want to hear about the father-mother. It's time to grow up. You can't be having a mother-father all the time.

DAVE: Why not?

LISA: You're supposed to have a big

relationship with God--

DAVE: Why?

LISA: Why? Because how you see God is how you see the life flow. Your vision decides how everything will come out of you. And if you say it's mother-father, then you got this big hierarchy and you're the kid and you try to please your parents, and I think life is more than that.

DAVE: But you're the father-mother-god too. I'll send you some Christian Science pamphlets

LISA: No way, I'm not interested. You're the third Christian Scientist I've talked to, and you guys are driving me nuts.

DAVE: Hey, all I know is I have an overall feeling. I'm just as confused as the next person. People are born, they die, they have kids, fall in love--what more do you want?

LISA: I feel something, something more than falling in love and having kids and dying. I want someone else knowing about it and talking about it, because I am lonely in my ecstatic state. Mommy-daddy is not enough. It's beyond family relations

DAVE: For you it is. That ecstasy, that love that you have for God is yours. You're doing it right now, you're imparting that joy now. It may not be the three-million-degree blast of the sun that you feel it is, but....

Do you love your son?

LISA: Do I love Wolfgang? Of course I do.

DAVE: Do you give to charity?

LISA: Yes I do.

DAVE: Those are manifestations of God You communicate. You're an artist. You touch people. Just being Lisa Crystal Carver, you impart happiness

LISA: Everybody has children, charity, joy

DAVE: Not necessarily. And if they do, are they putting it into focus? There's three important things: there's knowing, there's realization, there's understanding. These are difficult things. But the more you understand your relationship to God, your relationship to that divine feeling, the more the light pours out of you. David Tibet said when you recognize your innermost light, then you know true happiness, then you know love and then you commune with God. So you're doing just fine, Lisa.

LISA: It's more than happiness. It's kind of painful.

DAVE: That's not a bad thing.

LISA: It's electrifyin'! Why it's...it's greased lightning!!!

DAVE: That electrifying is God filling that space, the God-space inside all of us, and then we are truly whole. What's the weather like where you're at?

LISA: It's snowy. In April.

DAVE: Does the snow look beautiful?

LISA: Yes.

DAVE: Are you snug as a bug in a rug in your own home?

LISA: Yes.

DAVE: Are you happy with the new issue of *Rollerderby*?

LISA: Very.

DAVE: You love your son?

LISA: Yes.

DAVE: Are you doing good?

LISA: Am I doing good? In the world?

DAVE: Yes.

LISA: Yeah.

DAVE: Then don't worry about none of that stuff! It's OK! When you die, right before you shit your pants, you'll look back and you'll think, "I did a good thing." How you raised your kid, the things you wrote. Just pursue good in your life, don't hassle a lot of people, and then you'll be fine.

LISA: I think you need to seriously question yourself as to why you don't have more specific answers to specific questions, Dave, why everything you say is roundabout instead of dead-on. You need to find out what it is you are trying to avoid in yourself.

DAVE: No, I need to find out how I'm going to get \$20,000 to put out records.

LISA: What I said you need is more important than \$20,000.

[My proofreader thinks I was way too harsh with Dave. I guess saying "yeah, whatever" in response to someone's mom's belief system is not the usual journalistic approach. Unfortunately, I was so annoyed with this guy's constant jokey wordplay I couldn't even bare to transcribe it--so you don't get to read all his "evil schmevil" evasiveness. I cannot stand disrespect to language! My proofreader also pointed out that I am not consistent. Yeah, I know. I might not exactly believe what I say--I respond to people. Dave is a shnking violet, protecting himself with cleverness--that kind of person turns me into The Incredible Hulk. I don't think the truth is anything I say or anyone else says. I think we use conversation to come together and somehow, somewhere in our collision we touch the truth that was there waiting for us. -LC]

COZ THE SHROOM: I have trouble sometimes understanding some of the laws we've been given. I understand you have to submit your will to God's will so you can be guided. Mostly I have problems with monogamy. I just think it's really sad. I wish that people were able to get together and have fun and not have bad consequences--I think that's a very important human need. It's difficult. I don't know why it's such a horrible sin. But I have to take on faith what I don't understand fully

LISA: There's a lot of good reasons for monogamy.

COZ: With sex, there's a lot of consequences. There's a lot of pain in the physical world. I for one will not miss the physical world. We've evolved a lot of biological problems that make free love difficult in this world. It's preparation. An infant doesn't need teeth--she sucks on a bottle all day. But she gets teeth and they're causing her a lot of pain and she doesn't understand. But she's gonna be damn happy one of these days when her daddy cooks her a really nice meal and she can enjoy how wonderful it is. The idea is that God has more things in store for us that we have no idea how wonderful they are, but we haven't cut our teeth in yet. That's what religion is, is cutting your teeth

LISA: Where is the soul?

COZ: The soul does not exist physically. So the answer is nowhere. But we do have contact with it. Asking where is the soul is like asking what color is F sharp. The soul is in the next world. We exist in the next world right now, it's just that we're not aware of it because we also live in the physical world, which is like a shadow. A shadow is very real. It has form. You could count the fingers of your shadow. But it has no nature of its own that is not determined by other factors.

LISA: What's evil?

COZ: It's simply the absence of virtue and goodness and things that are right. You don't turn on a special switch to create darkness--you turn off a lightbulb. There's a oneness of all powers and thoughts and whatever--it's an absence of this that people refer to as evil.

LISA: What evil have you experienced today?

COZ: We were in a hurry to go somewhere and I was kind of grumbling and bitching at my wife.

LISA: So that was the absence of patience.

COZ: Yeah. Virtues are given to us by God, they're as real as fruits. They're there for us to use for more harmonious living, to be happy. God wants us to be happy. But we have to do it ourselves.

LISA: How old are you?

COZ: 30.

LISA: Do you find a lot of people our age suddenly finding religion?

COZ: You could say that they were, but I think it's pretty superficial. It's more like a spiritual fad. I haven't met many people who were true seekers. There's two kinds of religious behavior. One is cultural, traditional, identity. The other is a dynamic thing that you participate in actively--it's what they call being a seeker. All the truly mystical people are



seekers. What's happening now is neither one. I think people are sensing an absence and they're trying to fill it up to feel good.

LISA: And that isn't seeking?

COZ: No. You need a commitment. Seeking truth is a hard thing. You have to be able to accept things and say things that are not going to make you popular. You have to stop wrong things even when no one else agrees with you. There are very compelling reasons to not seek what is true or right.

LISA: Give an example of a miracle in your life.

COZ: There was someone who I was very strongly attached to but apparently had no attachment to me, and I had no way to contact her. I prayed a lot, asking God to bring this person into my life. I had a series of dreams telling me that this was going to happen. I had a feeling that I had to perform certain personal rituals, I did these things. I felt, "She's going to come see me today," so I cooked this chili that she likes --and she just appeared at my door! I had never heard from her since I'd stopped working with her months before. She confided in me a very tragic thing that was going on in her life, and I was able to help her.

Something very miraculous happened when I made a pilgrimage to Wyoming. But I vowed when it happened that I wouldn't talk about it. In a sense, I saw a manifestation of God resurrected before my face.

LISA: Why would you not want to talk about that?

COZ: There's a lot of esoteric reasons, how personal things are. I don't like to talk about religion, which is a funny thing, because the Bahai faith [sort of a gentler sect of Islam--LC] is kind of an evangelistic religion. We feel there is a covenant which God has established with mankind, a promise, a means to dismantle the power structure which gives power to the corrupt and promises a more spiritual power structure. In the Judeo-Christian tradition, that would be the kingdom of heaven on earth.

LISA: What made you go from little Jewish practice to a lot?

SETH SANDERS: My admiration for certain Jews--I wanted to be more like them. This combination of knowledge and commitment. It wasn't just a thing they knew about and then they went home and that was the end of the job. It wasn't something that just amused them and gave them money. It was more than that. It saturated their lives and structured them. It was a part of something much larger and greater than they were and they were participating in it. There is a sense of submission--not like gee, let's submit to some wild, oceanic

force because it's all big and overpowering, but submission to something very good and precious. I became more and more interested in the content of Jewish tradition, and I decided that the best way to understand the prayers was to do them, and the best way to be part of the tradition was to accept the claims that it made on me. It reminds me that I'm Jewish. Keeping kosher and observing the Sabbath are two things that work to divide you from other people and unite you with Jews. There have been times when I couldn't go to shows with my friends because they were on Friday night; there have been Saturdays that I've spent with Jewish people that I otherwise wouldn't spend time with.

LISA: What are you doing on Saturday?

We have Shabbat service on Friday night.

SETH: That is just the beginning of Shabbat. There's a kind of interesting erotic thing there, where it's traditional to read the Song of Songs, which is this erotic poem. The Shabbat is considered a bride, and welcoming the Sabbath is welcoming this kind of erotic experience.

LISA: Tell me about the heavy yoke again.

SETH: If you're a very strict kosher person, that regulates who you can hang out with--you can't go with your friend to get a coffee in a coffee shop, because you're only supposed to go to kosher restaurants.

That's only for hyper-

orthodox Jews. But there does have to be,

in taking on yourself the yoke of the kingdom of heaven, something that is unconditional. It's hard, because you're trying to accept on yourself this burden; on the other hand, you're never quite strong enough, you never have time enough.

LISA: Does the burden in some way set you free?

SETH: I suppose. That language of freedom...you can use it, but I don't know if the issue is to be free. It's to become better, to recognize and do your obligations, and that kind of opens you up to the universe and to other people.

LISA: How so?

SETH: You become more aware of the world if you can't do work and you can't drive your car one day a week [Sabbath]. You have to walk everywhere, it certainly can make you more attuned to the rhythms of the neighborhood, the way nature looks. And there's obligations like visiting the sick that make you aware of death and of disability.

LISA: My rabbi said that people cannot understand God, and God doesn't even want you to--he wants you to help other people, because that's what we can understand. So if you have the feeling of connectedness, then action comes out of that feeling.

SETH: I don't think there is so much emphasis on feeling in Judaism. This is kind of a stereotyped claim, but it has some validity: the difference between Judaism and Christianity is the former is about action and ritual and the latter is about feeling and love.

LISA: There's that thing of which is better, to give \$5 with love to a beggar or \$50 with a scowl, and Judaism says the \$50 is better because now the beggar can get a room for the night.

SETH: It makes us a lot less narcissistic. Why should we be taking our own temperature all the time, you know--what kind of vibe did I get from giving the poor fucker money?

LISA: Exactly. Life is not about you. It's how everything works together.

SETH: Right. This to me seems a more responsible and reasonable way to live.

LISA: The first time I heard that, it was a radical idea. It was totally removed from everything I'd been brought up with.

SETH: Especially in American Protestantism, there's the idea of the individual--that's where taking one's moral temperature all the time comes in, and there's the element of exposure and confession. All these dramas with like Jimmy Baker. This replicated a really old Puritan drama.

LISA: Catholics are the confessional ones.

SETH: Catholics have a word for confession, and a ritual confession. In Protestant literature and history confession is extremely important. If you read Hawthorne, Poe, Lovecraft, Whitman, Melville or look at narratives about these preachers, there are these big elements of the sins of the self being exposed to the community.

LISA: Most of your friends are non-Jews. Do they comment on your being observant?

SETH: Barely. I think the modern, college-educated view of religion is that it's a matter of personal choice: it's internal, not a community thing. That's kind of an American view too--that it's a private matter.

LISA: Religious belief is amorphous and hard to be clever about. And you can't really be rebellious because you don't know exactly what to rebel against, because our generation wasn't raised with strict religion. We all want to be rebellious, so there's nowhere to go with it.

SETH: There's an awesome line from Slavoj Zizek about restrictions. To some extent, personality can be seen as a byproduct of a certain amount of social repression. In other words, you have these strict rules that you learned in school, but your personality shines through or resists those. So then when people get enlightened upbringings, when repression has been removed, you find these people who are

strangely characterless. Because the personality is defined partly by resistance. LISA: Costes and I did an anonymous tape years ago as The Bleak Twins, and one of the songs went: "We constantly question our existence. It's such a drag to have no outward resistance. We want to be crucified on a cross. Everything else is stupid froth. No, we're not so free as you all thought." I think with a lot of us choosing different religions, it's just to have the power of saying we chose it, so we feel independent and adult. It's all about us, not the rest of the world. I know that's part of it for me.

SETH: This thing of choice is a consumerist metaphor--free market. Mom drinks Coke, so I drink Pepsi

LISA: So much of what we read and sing about for Shabbat is spreading peace and working towards when will come heaven on earth. And I cannot picture it, not at all. Am I supposed to actually believe world peace will ever come?

SETH: You go to an orthodox Jew, he'll say absolutely true--human perfection will bring about the messianic era. You go to an ultraorthodox, and he'll say no, nothing happens till God changes everything. You go to someone else, they'll say it's all just a metaphor. Modifications to the liturgy were done in the 19th and 20th century in reform Judaism that reinterpret biblical statements about bringing peace to mean we should all get together and work for social justice, and furthermore that the

Sabbath is like a little taste of what will come when we've succeeded in our collective struggle for social justice.

LISA: So if it's just a reinterpretation I should feel OK in ignoring that.

SETH: No, not if you're serious about reform Judaism. There's a saying in the Mishnah that "you are not required to complete the task; neither are you free to desist from it."

LISA: That's great.

SETH: It's very dead-on. I think maybe there is an over-emphasis in reform that one day we're all going to bring social justice. That's like predicting what the weather's going to be like in ten years.

LISA: I can go for adding peace, but I cannot relate in any way to worldwide peace. I can't see it; I can't even see it as a good ideal. Because then we wouldn't be human beings anymore.

SETH: Well, you also have a somewhat agonistic conception of life.

LISA: Agonistic?

SETH: It's related to the word agony. Agon in ancient Greek is this beautiful, valuable contest between athletes or warriors. Part of the honor comes from just engaging in this painful, difficult fight, and part of the glory comes in winning. In a metaphorical sense it would be the work of an artist, struggling to create. And so an agonistic view says things happen by conflict and that this is good.

LISA: Who doesn't have an agonistic view? What kind of a person really thinks

the world would be a better, richer place if we all just got along?

SETH: New Agers. And me.

LISA: You yell at me all the time!

SETH: Well, we're working things out. Actually, I was pretty worked up last time I talked to you. OK, I'm fairly agonistic.

LISA: Unleash a theory on me, baby.

MATT JASPER: And what theory is this?

LISA: Ma-a-at! Don't be a big pussy-puss.

MATT: I'm not being a pussy-puss

LISA: I wanna know your religion as insanity, insanity as religion theory.

MATT: Oh, that.

LISA: I believe you've alluded to it on many occasions, and now I'm about to get it full in the face.

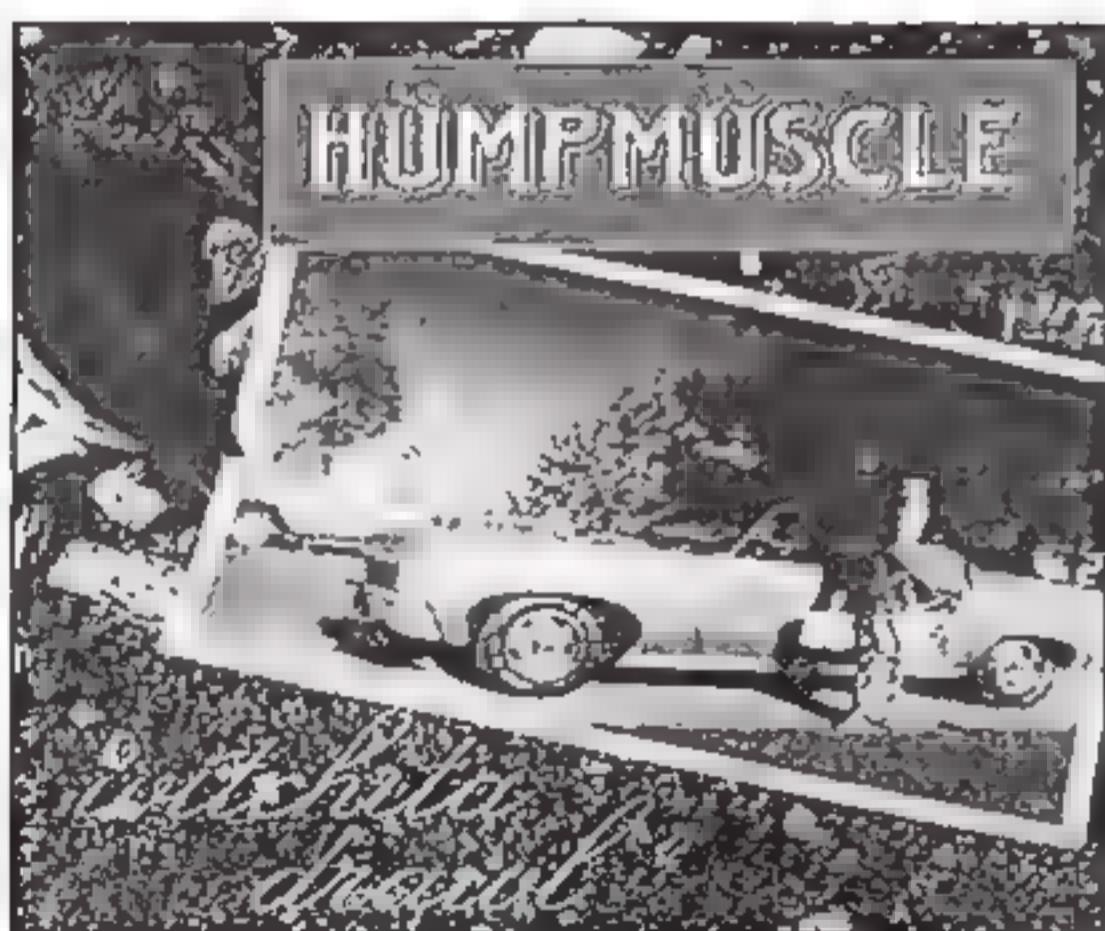
MATT: I suspiciously allude to it.... A whole theory...that's overwhelming. Huh.

LISA: That's all you have to say? "Huh"? All right, Matt--you're retarded, good-bye. I even held my pee for you. I have to go pee and I didn't go because I thought it would give an edge to our conversation.

MATT: Oh. Well...

LISA: Well, OK, what about your Christ complex?

MATT: I want to be blamed for everything. And fix everything. Or I did in my early 20s, when I thought I could do anything. I don't think I can do anything anymore. People who have massive egos always have God-fixations, because God would be the most massive ego of all. So that's what they aspire to. Any egotistic act, or any bold



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action, is a way of approaching that enormous ego.

LISA: Religion instructs you in things to do anonymously, to learn humility.

MATT: But humility and anonymity is reaching toward...the other side of being anonymous is being so big that you're just a collection of everything. So it's egotistic at the same time.

LISA: Do you believe in God?

MATT: Yes. Sure. Well, I'm an animist, so I think of everything sharing some enormous, weird soul that would be equivalent to God. I don't see God as some separate, enthroned thing. Although I guess our separation from whatever our underlying divine nature is is so great that it might as well be some alien, enthroned thing. Because I guess we aren't in extremely close, direct contact with it in conscious ways. It's hard to talk about without sounding like a moron.

LISA: Go ahead and sound like a moron. Everyone thinks stuff like this, they just don't admit it.

MATT: I guess I see demented, crazy performances and maniacs in general as some sort of religious phenomena. I guess being around broken, head-injured people makes me see the limits of the mind and why one wants to flirt with the limits. I get to see people who have some adult abilities, like an adult vocabulary, mixed with a child's sense of reason. People do know the limits of their mind, and they're always looking for a way to get around those limits. Most of the head-injured people I've known develop habits of lots and lots of smoking and coffee, as if they could wake up from the current dream of their life, in which they're sort of half-awake to who they are.

LISA: How does this correspond in sane people?

MATT: Sane people hide the way that they flirt with their limits a bit more. Whereas people with scattered abilities or scattered brains will directly ask for it, sometimes in comical ways--perhaps propositioning every girl who walks by just because they think of it.

LISA: Is religion a way of flirting with the limits of the mind?

MATT: Yes. It has all these wonderful forbidden things and things that aren't forbidden, and all the imagery--the beast or all these combined body parts and sacred wounds and hearts. All these body parts are united in these weird visions that are almost like orgies of spirituality. Also the anonymity is very much like merging with everyone else in an orgy-like fashion.

LISA: Thus transcending the rational?

MATT: It's not rational at all. It's all nonsense. It has to be accepted on the

basis of faith. It destroys logic.

LISA: How does that correspond to schizophrenics using many cigarettes and coffee to try to get out of the dream they're in?

MATT: Lots of coffee to wake up from the dream....

LISA: Isn't religion going into a dream?

MATT: I guess I would see it as waking up into a dream. I guess it destroys whatever logic we have, or bends it, but at the same time...

LISA: At the same time, any reality is a dream? Are you one of those people who would say the conversation we're having now is not real?

MATT: It's real, but it may be part of a dream--the dream that we know the most about. I've known people who have spoken so convincingly to their hallucinations that I've acquired some respect for how real hallucinations can be. They're just making supper and a body falls out of the cupboard and interrupts their preparations.

LISA: Back to forbidden and unforbidden. I remember you saying once that there's something charming when life is bordered.

MATT: I do like the way religion helps define things even though it's so irrational. It makes rational things appear irrational and irrational things appear rational. Which I guess it's supposed to do, because that subverts whatever the existing order of logic and power is. It inverts order in order to combine everyone into some shared dream. Which is silly to say...

LISA: No, I know what you mean.

MATT: To forbid is to separate things into opposites, but then once you do that, you set up the possibility of transgressing those opposites that have been created. So it makes perception more clear. The ultimate goal of perception is differentiation that then destroys itself. Heidegger says the highest form of perception is "to let that which shows itself be seen in the very way in which it shows itself from itself." You have to sort of be inside what you're seeing, and I think religion helps you do that. It sneaks little glimpses and images into you.

LISA: Give an example of the forbidden creating opposites and then destroying them.

MATT: "Thou shalt not kill" immediately makes me think of killing and that it must be wonderfully fun.

LISA: So where's the possibility of those two opposites--killing and not killing--coming together?

MATT: I guess it's not a very active desire to go out and kill things, so....

LISA: Let's take a less extreme one: not coveting your neighbor's stuff.

MATT: It's good advice socially, but at the same time the forbidden quality makes it

more desirable. If you act on what you desire most, that's like reaching God completely, or being raptured before you've lived, and living is sort of a narrative where you're not supposed to grab your desires immediately. In youth you do things that unravel your life. The hedonistic young die because they're closer to God, or their approach is closer and more direct. You're more likely to kill yourself or have lots of sex, but as you get older you get in patterns more, and you are more religious by visiting God less often.

LISA: Because you're not wrestling with the rules as much anymore?

MATT: In a sense.

LISA: Matt, I think you're wrong. Your theory about setting up opposites and then they merge sounded good, but you're not showing me any merging.

MATT: I wouldn't be able to make it a logical theory in conversation. I'm a moron.

LISA: That's your rebuke. You're saying it's not supposed to work--so by not working, that proves it works.

MATT: I just suffer because I can't say what I want to say.

LISA: That it came out scattered like it did is indicative of your true relationship to religion or God. Religion is...there's this real groping, and you know you're never going to get what you're groping for.

MATT: Yes, it's speaking about an aboutness.

LISA: I find that beautiful.

MATT: I do too.

LISA: Groping for what can never be truly groped.

MATT: Which is why men are more attracted to lesbian pornography than a man and a woman together. We want the impenetrable. We're not allowed to penetrate them.

LISA: That's not it! Women are not attracted to male homosexual porno usually. Women's bodies are just pornographic, that's all. But no, it's respect for that amorphous knowledge that makes us stutter when we talk about God. It's not quite knowledge, it's not quite thinking. It's this knowing that you have that you'll never quite have. You can't have it in the way you have other thoughts. Admitting that doesn't really come about when you're drinking and fucking all the time. You gotta be alone and have alone pain to spread yourself out enough to catch that idea.

MATT: We should all get back to drinking and fucking all the time, because we're all hypocrites now.

LISA: I got back to it. I just stopped long enough to catch that idea and run. Can you hang on while I get the other line? [pause] I'm back. That was --- --. I'm trying to convince him I'm really innocent so he'll

come to my house for the weekend. But it was totally not true--I'm not innocent. What in heck made me think anyone would fall for that line? I promised him I would never write about him in *Rollerderby*.

MATT: If you say you won't expose him in *Rollerderby*, you won't. But you'll find some strange logic to circumnavigate your promise.

LISA: I do exploit him. I tell you every detail of our non-relationship, just for my own pleasure. I just 30 seconds ago self-righteously told him I don't exploit him!

MATT: Does he know about the song about him on the new CD?

LISA: No

MATT: Can I tell him?

LISA: No.

MATT: You're the greatest, most degraded example of womanhood I've ever met. Maybe not the greatest. But the most corrupt.

LISA: What on earth gives you that impression?

MATT: You talk about your own sex life--and everybody else's--*all the time*. You take off your clothes in public. And your logic is usually evil.

LISA: My logic is evil?!

MATT: Well, very fair and nice, but at the same time, always going for the exploitative qualities, the final punch, the low blow. LISA: I had no idea you thought this about me. I think of myself as a really nice, really good person.

MATT: Oh, I think of you as a really good person! I do. You're really fair, you're level-headed--but at the same time there's just this underside to it all that's attractively, horribly sleazy. And violent.

LISA: Wow! I'm wanting to have sex with myself now that you said that!

MATT: Good, well you should.

LISA: It's not that good, actually. I don't treat myself as well as I treat others.

MATT: I bore myself.

LISA: Me too. I just come--there's no dynamics. Some people have these massively orchestrated masturbation sessions. I just wanna come. So, in your warped world, am I religious in my corruption?

MATT: Yes. You are more religious. Whenever I think about God, I think about Bronner's All-One-God soap labels. All are one in God, take Vitamin C three days after intercourse and God will prevent conception 100%, this is God's natural abortion, praise God, we are all one. And "I'm In You, You're In Me" is the most religious song ever written.

LISA: That's the way I look at God and sex--like that Peter Frampton song

LISA: How did you get into Zen?

CHARLIE POKORNY: In high school we

were reading *Franny and Zoey*--

LISA: That's what got me too! *Nine Stories*.

CHARLIE: And then in college I started experimenting with LSD.

LISA: Just today I was telling my father that I thought Zen is good in the same way LSD is--makes you think better. Whereas a lot of religions make you suppress certain thoughts, narrow your paths. But with Zen they want you to have *more* and wider thinking.

CHARLIE: There are some meditation instructions where you are supposed to suppress thoughts.

LISA: But as an exercise, right? That's a way of giving you stronger thinking, not of constricting your life.

CHARLIE: I would say so, yeah. The basic premise is that since the way we actually are is liberated, we don't really need to change things--we just need to realize what we are. So in that sense, you don't want to suppress anything, that's kind of like suppressing liberation. And that's sort of what we do all the time. It's appreciation or participation in the way things are that is liberating. But the usual stance, or I will say my usual stance, is holding back or holding away, and so it stops things from coming to their fullness. The liberating quality of something is its whole being. If you have a partial version of things, it's almost impossible to appreciate that as liberated.

LISA: So...what about free love?

CHARLIE: Well, I wouldn't necessarily say that it's ruled out. But usually what they say is that the premise for realizing the liberated quality of how you are or how anyone is is usually a life of careful ethical conduct, paying close attention to the details of your conduct. So usually the situation in most monasteries, at least in Japan, is celibacy.

LISA: I think some people...like me... confuse debauchery with liberation. And debauchery is just more and more, and freedom might be less and less--peeling away

CHARLIE: With me, liberation means you can be free in any condition. If you have to get away from pain and move towards pleasure to be happy, it's an unstable happiness. You can't really depend on it, especially when you get to old age. But if you can be happy when you're in pain or happy when you're in pleasure, then you're not pushed around by those things anymore--there's something wonderful no matter what's going on.

LISA: Yeah!

CHARLIE: If you can achieve that, that's the real power that's possible.

LISA: So how did you end up in a monastery?

CHARLIE: I saw these Buddhists, and they were so calm and at rest with the way

things were in the room. That was a powerful thing for me

LISA: Was there the realization that you aren't so important?

CHARLIE: That came later. Part of practice is realizing that being concerned with myself is mostly miserable. Selfishness has this kind of trick going, where it seems like the best thing for us, but if we look at the emotional states it leads to and the kinds of conduct it leads to, and also how joyful it is to give things away--it falls apart after a while. The last time I did LSD, I was by myself and I'd been thinking about Zen ideas and I just decided I wasn't going to grasp onto anything. Usually, especially when I'm coming down from drugs, I try to hold onto something--some idea or some thought or memory--and it helps things resolve from that state of static or openness. So I decided I wasn't going to hold onto anything and in fact there wasn't anything to hold onto. And that was really disturbing and brought up a lot of anxiety. I found I couldn't really deal with it. For the next few weeks, I felt like I was trying to create my own religion. I was trying to piece different things together as they suited my likings. I realized I had to put myself into a system or a tradition instead of trying to fit the universe into my mind, which is what I had been trying to do. So I was open to devoting myself to a practice even if there were parts of it I didn't like. So I moved out to San Francisco and found the Zen Center and I found the sitting just immediately brought a sense of peace which I pretty much needed at that time in my life. And I went to some lectures and they made sense to me, and so that was the end of my search in a way. That was 1991.

LISA: How much contact do you have with the outside world?

CHARLIE: We get a newspaper sometimes twice a week, sometimes nothing. And we can make phone calls, but not receive them. One phone for 60 monks.

LISA: How do you make money?

CHARLIE: During the summer we have a guest season. There's hot springs here, and cabins. We serve three vegetarian meals a day. It's a pretty nice place to come to. Winter is the monastic season.

LISA: What are you working toward?

CHARLIE: I want to be a teacher. But I kind of feel like I'm not really going to get to decide what I do. I want to do what actually is most helpful.

LISA: Do you ever feel like you're hiding?

CHARLIE: I feel like myself and people around me are good people to have compassion for, and I feel like I could hide in the outside world much better than I can hide in here. A big part of it is distractions.

You don't eat when you want to eat here and you don't eat what you want. You just eat what's served at the times that it's served. There's no movies, there's no TV, no radio. There's not much time to read. The easiest way to distract yourself is to think about something, think about the future or the past. Just the daily schedule here doesn't allow for a lot of that. If something is really bothering you, there aren't many external distractions to take you away from it. I don't imagine myself staying in this valley until the end of my life, but I think it could happen without it being running away, and I would be offering something helpful to the people who come here. LISA: Wouldn't you say that the people who are most in need wouldn't come there? CHARLIE: It's so complicated...amount of suffering. Sometimes I think the people who come here are the people who need it most, because if we could alleviate the suffering of the ten percent richest people in the world, it could really change the world, in terms of what they're doing to other people, and what their money is doing to other people. That's one way I look at it. I basically feel, though, that I don't get to choose who I help. I trust that the most selfless way to approach it is just not to have any ideas about how you're going to be helpful.

LISA: There's this thing in Judaism where you have to give charity to the first request you get each month, even if it's for something you don't believe in, like the NRA when you're anti-guns. Because the important thing is to give, not to have an ego about what change you are effecting with your help. What's your perception of God? CHARLIE: I haven't given much thought to that. In Buddhism there are Gods, but they're just a different realm of being. There's human realm, animal realm and god realm. There's fighting spirits.... In terms of there being a unifying factor of the universe, I don't think about it in personal terms at all. I guess the closest thing I could say of my idea about God would be to say that nothing exists by itself. So everything is totally related, or totally dependent on everything else. But I don't really see that having a center, which is why I don't believe in a god—I just see it as a field of interrelatedness. In Buddhism, if you do good stuff you get born in a higher realm.

LISA: That sounds pretty thought-out. It sounds like someone in the center is pulling some strings.

CHARLIE: I guess I just understand it as a roadmap of the deluded life, clarifying what leads to what. The common American way to interpret these realms is psychological space. Most Americans don't want to think

about rebirth in literal terms. In psychological space, we have experiences and we have different ways of responding to them. So if we have pain and we hate it, it's like going into hell. A Buddha is liberated from the whole thing.

LISA: Don't you feel like you're losing something when you're free from taking and being taken? Isn't it more life when you slip back and forth between oneness and separateness?

CHARLIE: I really see them as being inseparable. There's an ideology of oneness—I think that's just another way of being deluded. Just the way we're separated right now, just the way that is, is liberated. For me, basic moment-to-moment practice is "Can I appreciate what's going on right now, as it's appearing to me?" Always for me right now is separateness. If I can appreciate it, I have a sense that I don't exist by myself.

LISA: How is oneness a delusion?

CHARLIE: In a way, anything that seems to have some real existence, can be classified as a delusion in Buddhism. So if you say oneness is the way things really are, that could be just as deluded as saying I really am separate. I see it as oneness is the way of many things, that's the way they really are.

LISA: This is a very fortuitous call, because this has really been bothering me lately. What you say makes sense. Cool! Do you talk to a lot of women?

CHARLIE: My best friend is a woman. We were a couple and we broke up about a year ago. She's in here with me.

LISA: Oh, because I was thinking that in general women probably get pretty irritated with this. We like people to get worked up and have a fight and stuff. If you're calm and we interpret it as nothing really matters to you, then I can imagine some really pissed-off women. I don't see Zen as a woman's religion in general.

CHARLIE: "Nothing really matters"—one of the common things that can come out of Zen is nihilism. It's considered a very dangerous place. Genuine realization experiences can lead to a sense of nihilism. A lot of koans are about that—maybe for a while they thought their self was real, and then they have this insight that there's no self, and then they think that's real. They think their no-self is the way things really are. The common factor is they have this idea that some interpretation of reality is the way things are.

LISA: What's your perception of evil?

CHARLIE: I guess I don't see evil as too far from selfishness. The common response to evil is to push it away. For me, that gives evil power. The way I understand practice, if I have an impulse that I

would classify as evil, I try to really study it, try to see what is going on with this, and look on it as an opportunity to study it.

LISA: Give an example of an evil impulse.

CHARLIE: Wanting to hurt somebody. Or wanting to hurt myself.

LISA: It's evil because...

CHARLIE: It's not respecting life.

LISA: And why do you have to respect life?

CHARLIE: I guess that would be liberation—just the way things are right now would be respecting life.

LISA: So an evil impulse is not looking at life correctly? It's wrong?

CHARLIE: I would just say that when I have those thoughts, I'm not appreciating what I am. If I labeled it as wrong, that might be a step towards pushing it away. Or if there's a part of me that's saying that's wrong, I might study that part of me.

LISA: Do you have a favorite koan?

CHARLIE: Hm. I love them all. These two monks are walking along and one says, "This is the summit of the mystic peak." And the other says, "Yes it is, what a pity."

LISA: Tell another one.

CHARLIE: The teacher asked the student, "Where are you going?" The student said, "I'm going around on a pilgrimage." The teacher said, "What is the purpose of pilgrimage?" And the student said, "I don't know." And the teacher said, "Not knowing is most intimate."

LISA: What's an average day in the monastic season?

CHARLIE: We wake up at about 3:45. We meditate from about 4:15 till 7:00

LISA: What do you wear?

CHARLIE: We all wear black robes with long sleeves.

LISA: How many robes do you own?

CHARLIE: Just one.

LISA: How do you wash it?

CHARLIE: I just do spot cleaning. I'm careful—watch where my robe is, try to not get it dirty.

LISA: Do you have heat?

CHARLIE: Not in our rooms, but in the meditation hall there's heat.

LISA: How many blankets do you have?

CHARLIE: Two sleeping bags, long underwear.

LISA: Are you cold?

CHARLIE: I sleep fine, but it's hard to get out of bed in the morning when it's below 35

LISA: Go on with your day.

CHARLIE: From 7:00 to 7:30 we have service. That's basically communal chanting, dedicating the merit to our teachers and to all beings. All the meals are formal. We eat in meditation posture in the meditation hall. It's called oriyoki. It's very formalized, very ritualized in how you fold things and which fingers you use. There's three bowls

—a big one, a medium one, and a little one. The first bowl always has grain in it. For the morning it's hot cereal. For lunch it's rice or bulgur or couscous. The second bowl is fruit or miso soup or juice for breakfast, soup for lunch.

LISA: I'm getting hungry. What's the little bowl?

CHARLIE: For breakfast it's scrambled eggs or tofu or fruit, for lunch it's salad.

LISA: Is everyone there pretty healthy?

CHARLIE: Most people. Some people have a little bit of a hard time getting enough nutrients.

LISA: What about people who are just hungry all the time?

CHARLIE: During the afternoon there's some fruit or bread available. If you want to eat at other times, people have received permission to do that.

LISA: What comes after your meal?

CHARLIE: Temple-cleaning. Some people rake, some people mop. Then a 15-minute break. After that we have study or a class. That lasts for an hour and a half.

LISA: Do you ever get this feeling like you just want to kick out the jams, and just smoke and drink and run around?

CHARLIE: A little bit my first year here. Usually the way it expressed itself was desires to hang out with friends, eat, see movies. At this point, I don't have it very much at all.

LISA: What kept you from giving in to

those desires?

CHARLIE: I think part of what brought me here is I really gave that stuff a chance and said, "If this is going to make me happy, I'll really try it." What I found was I wasn't fulfilled. I wouldn't say I'm totally fulfilled now, but I feel that the fulfillment I do have in my life comes from sincere practice. I feel like the essence of this practice doesn't exclude anything. You don't have to become someone else at all, period. Just the way you are is the practice.

LISA: Are there a lot of jokes?

CHARLIE: I would say it's pretty darn serious for the most part. Going back to the daily schedule, after class we have a 40-minute meditation period, and then a formal lunch, and then we have an hour or 45-minute break. Then we work two-and-a-half hours—in the kitchen or on the grounds or in the shop. Then there's bath/ exercise time. Then we have evening service, which is a ten-minute period of chanting and bowing. Then we have dinner. There's a half-hour break, then meditation, then the day ends at 9 o'clock. The silent period starts at 7:30 and goes through the next day till the end of lunch. So really the only period to socialize is between 1 o'clock and 7:30.

LISA: So the most sleep you can get is six hours a night.

CHARLIE: On the calendar days which have a four or a nine in them, we get up an

hour later.

LISA: Do you have any personal possessions?

CHARLIE: I have books.

LISA: Do you ever want to have children?

CHARLIE: I definitely have desires to have children, but I'm not sure if it'll happen. I'm actually concerned about the number of people in the world, but I'd like to have kids or adopt.

LISA: You don't feel like it would be a loss to not pass on your particular genetic code?

CHARLIE: I have some kind of weird thing around that; it's not very clear. I guess it's just a basic human drive to want to have a kid and be a part of the process from the beginning. My intention right now is to be single and celibate for about five years. To get to a place of being settled about that decision, I had to let go of my urgent feelings about having kids or being in a relationship. I think those things are wonderful, but they're not the most essential thing. But again, the essence of this practice doesn't exclude anything. But right now the way I want to practice is as a single person.

LISA: What religion were you brought up with?

CHARLIE: A scientific worldview. Non-religious or anti-religious. A big thing that brought me to practice was fear of death. From a young age, I felt that when I died



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that would just be it, or I'd have a disembodied consciousness forever. Either one was very disturbing to me. Sometimes the way I think about myself is my ego is not well-adapted. I'm not as good at defending myself from suffering as other people are. With that kind of sensitivity, it just led me to putting more energy into it. I guess I tend to be someone who is very disciplined and intense about something when I pick it up, and I think that's what happened here. Being whole-hearted is what this is all about. When I'd try to be whole-hearted about something else, like religious studies in college, it felt imbalanced somehow. Like "this is too much books."

LISA: What sort of meditations do you do?

CHARLIE: The basic meditation is just to be present. We sit cross-legged and face a wall and don't move for 45 minutes. There's some kind of focus in trying to maintain an upright back, but mentally the most basic form is just presence. If there's a painful sensation, just experience the painful sensation. If there's some thought about the future, just try to notice that thought. So you're not deeply involved with it—it's almost like it's someone else's thought. People tend to have a hard time with very simple practice. It's hard to tolerate something that simple. So often it's recommended to count the breaths. Or a teacher will give you a phrase, like "What is the cause of this suffering?" and you just repeat that phrase.

LISA: What's your perception of God?

NICK BOUGAS: Nature.

LISA: You sound kind of disgusted.

NICK: Religion has been talked about endlessly, I don't have too much new to add. I think people take themselves a little too seriously when they start thinking about a being that is in charge of the planet. I think people are essentially just protoplasm that crawled out of a primordial soup and stood erect and grew hair. I think the planet is like a science culture where the right elements come together and all of a sudden you have growth and life, and people are a growth, a fungus.

LISA: What's your perception of evil?

NICK: Evil is, in my experience, not what it's cooked up to be. What and who I was told in my childhood were evil, I've found to be quite pleasurable upon examination, quite enchanting. As for a definition of evil, evil is whatever keeps you from the truth.

LISA: Mm-hm. Would cleverness get in the way of truth?

NICK: No, I think truth is truth, whether stated in a grunt or eloquently with 15 paragraphs

LISA: I'll tell you why I can't be a Satanist—it's because I know I'm bad already. So to

get balance, I need guidance towards goodness and peace. Because it's not like I'm ever gonna be good or peaceful, but if I went more in the other direction, I'd fall off the face of the earth.

NICK: That's one of the great misconceptions about Satanism—it's not about badness.

LISA: OK, if I went more into *pleasure and enchantment*, it would just be unbalanced. I'd be so overpleasured—

NICK: Everyone thinks Satanists are gloomy people, but they're not. My perception of Anton LaVey was he was a fellow akin to Captain Kangaroo. He was living in his own little universe that—

LISA: Wait, you're answering someone other than me here. You're giving a stock answer. I'm saying I can't be a Satanist because I have too much will and enchantment already, so I need the more restricted area.

NICK: There is no restricted area for a Satanist

LISA: I know that. That's what I'm saying. I'm already free--why do I need more freedom? I got plenty. I need to be bound. I'm saying that's why I should not be a Satanist. Wanna convert me?

NICK: Well the new order of course is chaos. Satanists are very traditional people, they're trying to whip things back into order.

LISA: Do you wanna whip me?

NICK: Satanists are deeply steeped in things that are reliable and familiar. They're not people who are out testing the bounds of taste and experience. They're people really who are struggling to hold onto things that are endearing and have proven to have some worth. The world I think is actually very soulless. Satanists I think are the last people with soul.

LISA: How has Satanism affected your sex life?

NICK: Not really in any great way. I've been the kind of person to lock in with one person for long periods of time, I'm very faithful. Satanism doesn't promote any kind of debauchery.

LISA: What religion were you brought up with?

NICK: Greek Orthodox.

LISA: Oh wow. Those people are strict.

NICK: Very, yes.

LISA: Was it hard?

NICK: Not really. I always found church to be very entertaining as a youngster. The Greek church had a gothic feel--very, very dark, evil, beatific symbols and figures with swords slashing dragons...a giant hand coming out of the top of the altar, holding a torch, with an eyeball at the base of the arm. I always found that eerie and intriguing.

LISA: What sort of practices do you do with Satanism?

NICK: Nothing. I've never been a ritualist, I've always been very secular. I think Anton LaVey appreciated me for that a great deal. I wanted to talk about show tunes from 1916, unlike the cape and cloak set who were always hammering on him to give them new insights and teach them things that had already been stated in his books.

LISA: So if you don't do anything with it, why are you a Satanist?

NICK: Because that's the way it is. As Anton LaVey always said, Satanists are born, not made. I didn't know what the name of it was till I met LaVey, but essentially it's just being a sardonic soul who questions everything and likes to have a great deal of fun at the expense of folks who deserve a bit of ribbing.

LISA: Wanna rib me?

NICK: No, I don't think you deserve ribbing.

LISA: Please?

NICK: [laughs] I think you're more Satanic than you want to admit.

LISA: Just one little Satanic rib? Come on.

NICK: No, for a little gal knocking out a zine, heck, what you do is very entertaining and satisfying. There's no ribbing to be done--you deliver.

LISA: Shoot. What do you think is the meaning of life?

NICK: The meaning of life is death. From the moment you are spewed forth from your mother's cavity you start on a downward spiral towards your death date.

LISA: Do you see any life after death in any way?

NICK: No. Just worms and dirt.

LISA: What about eternal waves of being, feelings and realizations that were there before you and they shoot through you and then you're dead and they're in someone else but it's almost like you, like the waves of being are the real life?

NICK: Horseshit.

LISA: All you care about is your own, particular consciousness.

NICK: While you're alive and up and running, and your brain is working and your eyeballs are engaged, that means things are happening that have meaning. But after that....

LISA: I don't know, Nick.

NICK: This goes right back to what I first said. Everyone wants to give this humanity thing much more credence than it deserves. You're just fungus. The eyeball is fungus, the brain is fungus--it's just fungus. In fact the highest forms of life on this planet, I believe, are the lowest forms. I believe the lowly amoeba, just an eating machine with no emotion--there it is, that's the *perfect* state of being.

Sex Diaries

KRISTIN YOUNG

Jan 1, 1981 (12 years old)

Whew Girl!! New Year's Eve was a turning point in my life! Mary Bird called at 10 and said come over, so I did! Well, Leigh and Tony and Randy Ring were there. We got a deck of cards and Leigh said, "Lowest two cards, first time--peck kiss. Second time, French." Since I've never done *anything* I tried to think of a way out of it, but I realized I had to give in so I agreed too! The first time I had to peck kiss Tony (ugly), thank god I didn't have to do anything else! Then me and Randy got the two lowest and we went into the kitchen. I told him I've never frenched before and he said, "Well you can be my student. Just open your mouth wider, OK?" Then we just started rolling our tongues around and it was *lush*! My cards were right that day and me and Randy lusher every minute. He said I kissed better than Leigh (compliment, I hope). We went in the storage closet and he pulled out my shirt and sweater and went under my bra and kept saying, "Just relax, it's OK." He got all hard, Classic! And then Tony, Leigh and Bird came in and shit, ruined it all! But then Tony (8th grade) and Leigh started getting really lush (bumps and grinds) and Randy and me and Bird sat down on the couch and he put both of his arms around us and squeezed Bird's titty and kept on getting "Free Kisses" from me. He kept on flashing his Big Daddy *hard* dick! Then he took me in the bedroom and practically forced me on the bed and he fell on me and started necking me. I wasn't doing much until I just said forget it and then it was Bumps and Grinds city. So then he was squeezing my titty (what titty?) and frenching and he laughed and I said "What?" and he said, "I just shot off!" So I said "oh God" and we were laughing and it was a complete Classic. So I let him french me some more and we went back and that was the end of all that! He's a fox and a half. But guess what grade he's in? Eleventh! So what!!

P.S. When Bird wouldn't french him he said, "You take it like a hi kid, but Kris isn't scared to do anything like y'all say she is. She takes it like a woman!"

RACHEL JOHNSON

22 September 1985 (16 years old)

Friday night, lying in our graveyard, his eyes brave with gin, he told me he loved me. I was fascinated by his mouth and his tongue. I had no idea that I would ever like being kissed. I took his shirt off, he is completely hairless and skinny. My shirt somehow was torn off and he ran his tongue down my face and neck and breasts. He lay on top of me and our legs were wrapped around each other so tightly that I thought, "Oh." I said to him, "Hold me down," and he held my arms out and smiled down at me. His hands twisted on my skin and I never wanted it to end. He pushed his tongue through my lips and pulled away before I could respond, leaving me, making me arch my back. There were times when it became so intense that I raked my nails across his body as hard as I could force them, and I could taste the blood from his tongue and lips. All those times he threw me back, holding me down and he made noises as if he were angry, making bruises [see illustration]. He said, "I love you." Say it again, I said. "I love you," he said. "If I have a child," I said, "what will you do?" "I won't marry you, but I will take you somewhere,

maybe Australia." "If you could do anything," I asked, "what would you do?" "Be with you," he said. "What else?" I persisted. "Nothing," he said, "I am happy." And I told him I love him. I ran my hands over him. His ugly belt was hurting me and I took it off. Suddenly his penis was in my hand and I was scared. But I continued. He made beautiful noise. "Spit on your hand," he said. "Are you a virgin?" he asked. "Yes." I asked him what was wrong. He said, "It is hard to explain. I'll figure it out. It will be special. This just isn't the place." He took me home. I found, under my nail, some of his skin this morning in church. I put it in my pocket to be eaten later.

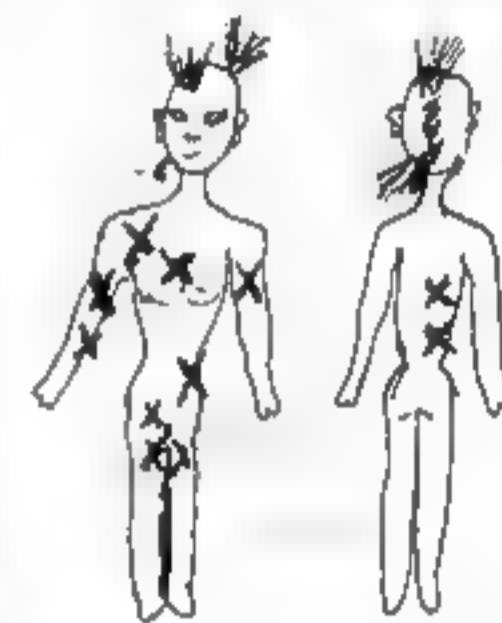
Where the bruises are →

29 September 1985

On an icy, wood-littered beach, he lay on me, and gradually his penis was in my hand. I relied on pure instinct to show me how to move my hand. Almost, but then I moved too roughly and he cried out and slammed his fist into the sand. I was horrified at myself for such ignorance. "You have to show me," I said, afraid. He sighed and smiled and said all right. He kissed me more urgently but I was cold with fear. "Why can't I know?" I swore at myself. But still, I was determined to satisfy my man. "That's it," he whispered, or "close your hand more," or "closer to the top." He sounded like a little boy, and I was overflowing with emotion though my body felt nothing. I thought something bad would happen again, again being my fault. And then he almost cried and screamed "stop, stop!" I said, "Oh Cee." Orgasm tore at his body, warmed my hand and my pants. I thought it would end there, yet he continued to lie across me, his face buried in my neck, and cried out, over and over. "What is it?" I almost cried, realizing how foreign his body is to me. He continued to cry out that it hurt so much. Finally he lay still and quiet. "That," he tried to laugh, "was the *longest, most painful* orgasm I have ever had in my life." I was speechless. Good or bad? After that statement, his voice changed into something that caused me to stare up at him, enthralled, and we talked about our future, and how intimidating and unreal it is to imagine living on our own. "Maybe," he said, "I can scrape together some money and go with you and Lisa to California, even for a little while." "We are going to be living among the worst of society," I said warningly. "We will have a fork and a book to live on." He moved onto one elbow in order to look at me. "I miss you during the week," he smiled, "and that is strange because I have never missed anyone before. Never. It's distracting." There was no answer worthy to be said in the wake of that quiet proclamation. But I managed a strong, throaty, "I miss you too," or something equally boring. I told him I am going to remove the divider in our locker and we will lock ourselves in there during school. The next day, today, I sat with him in church. He had obviously slept in his clothes, and there was sand in his eyebrows and hair. I have sand in my ears that refuses to wash out. At least I know it's real. I wonder when we will make love. Fuck me, boy. I am interested in purchasing one of those how to make love to a man books, the pink ones. I remember Lisa telling me that I am going to be a sexual beastie.



He kept flashing his Big Daddy hard dick!



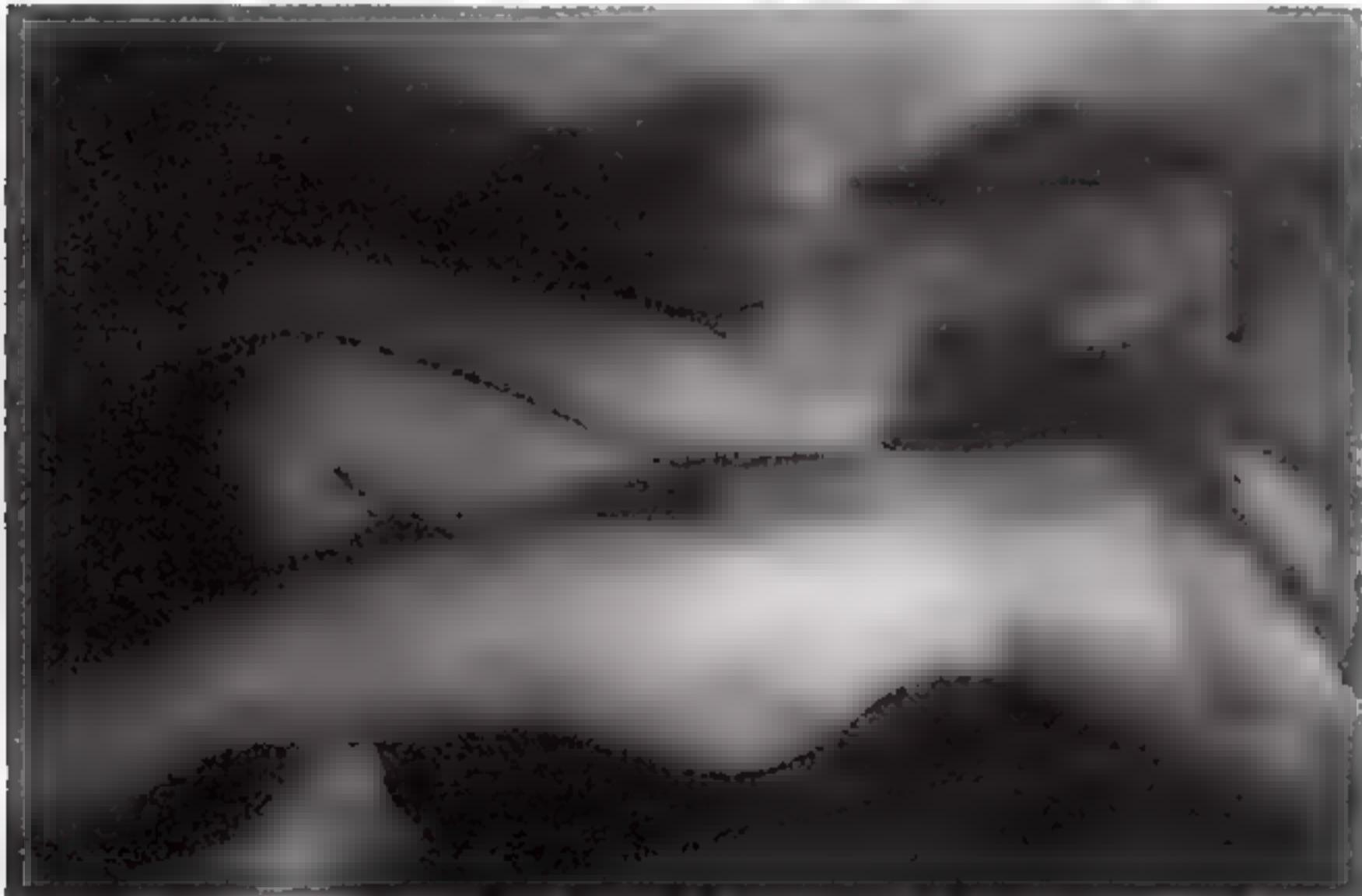
and I desperately hold that picture, true or not. So am I? I would like to be. I felt aroused when his crotch was a certain way against mine, but that happened only once. It felt like it did when I used to make love to the green pillow in my bondage fantasy days. I hope we will become so close so as to act out cultlike rituals or S&M sexual acts. Aah, but I have a lot to learn.

29 December 1985

I cannot write of some of the things we did. Holding me down, covering the spaces of my body, seizing and securing my hands, and he played a cruel game. "You want me," he says. "I hate you," I whisper, then shout it: I hate you! I turn away from him, wanting passion and vicious words. But he yawns, tells himself how bored he is--and I am mad, very mad. I say that I hate him. I say I don't need him yet. Languidly he runs his fingers between my legs, says, "You don't need me? Look how creamy..." and he moves his hands to my breasts, my nipples. Pretends surprise: "Are these erect?" And I bite him, lash out at him, "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you." But he continues his relaxed boredom and refuses to call me more than Rachel. Then the phone rings, and he has to leave.

19 November 1986

"Let's be lesbians!" says Lisa, "it will be like fucking ourselves." Talking across the phone, run my fingers up my leg--I tell her. "Yes," she says. Breath of a new consistancy. "You will go to hell," says a young blond friend. Fetched Lisa. Painted. A big knife slipped and gashed my thumb. Dripped it across my painting. Smeared long, stretchy clots on Lisa's painting. Colored my lips red with it. "Looks so good," breathed Lisa.



Lisa Carver and Rachel Johnson, 18 years old

16 January 1987

Crawled into the narrow bed next to a warm sleeping Lisa. Her hair in her eyes and mine as I curled up to her with my face in the curve of her neck. Flushed pink with sleep. For two and a half hours I lay sleepless. Lisa mewed and jumped in her sleep. I laughed but there was no one to laugh with so I pinched her and I bit her until she woke up. "Ronald Reagan should be careful about trusting men who jump in their sleep from anxiety," she said. "Well," she said, "it made sense in my head." I pinched her and we talked of Douglas, of Cee. I pinched until she reared up,

frightening me. I could only see her silhouette with stringy, matted hair springing up, and hands gnarled and held in claws. We fought till I fell out of the bed, tumbled in heavy blankets. I hissed and scratched, pinched her breast. 1 AM.

28 January 1987

All women have an essence that no man can know. Women are the essence of life. Their essence is a purity of soul that they can only share with another woman. Men seem to be always lacking fullness of self. Woman is weary. Lisa and I held hands and kissed, our souls are ripe, entire. "I have often thought of sex with you, but I don't know what to do," she said. "There is no power to have over you, because you already know it."

20 April 1987

I met Lisa and Andrew in Boston. It was Jim Hildreth's birthday. We said, "Let's do dirty pictures!" We bought rope, slut clothes and cigarettes, a cheap leather whip and camera. Lisa and I undressed. I wore a leather harness with a choke neck. The dead smell of cow hide excited me. Andrew and I tied Lisa up, first in the bathtub and then on a chair. Strung up her arms, twisted her legs, choked her, lashed her a few times while Andrew snapped pictures. Then they tied me with my boot to my waist, arms twisted up behind me. Andrew held me up as Lisa jerked the ropes tighter. Stood there on one shaking leg for 45 minutes, began to black out. Lisa and I were hungry. We put on coats and went outside. My face had a gash down my lip, Lisa had rope burns on her neck and hands, the people could see the harness choking my neck. We held hands. We were spinning, swept up in the wind that always blows when we're together. Back at Andrew's we

decided to start drinking. "Let's do sex shots," said someone. We looked at each other. Inhaled. "All right, come on," said Lisa. She leaned over to kiss me. We kissed and lay down, no clothes. Jim took pictures. I wasn't conscious of him and Andrew. "Slow down," Lisa said to me. That's all I'm going to say about it.

LISA CARVER

15 August 1987 (18 years old)

I know this power is transitory, but it is throbbing in me so hard. I have never been more dirty and ready. The Stooges are on. Night falls, I lie down. My bones are pushing up against my skin. It is a wretched excitement. I can feel my face contort and contract in the dark. I try to relax. I go out. A fat man in a red t-shirt walks by and I say, "Excuse me, do you have the time?" He smiles at me, looks at his watch, says, "One minute to nine." I say thank you, but I'm thinking: "I could squeeze the walls of my cunt so close around your cock you would forget there was any other part of your body." I saw Chris Sakey, a cute schizophrenic. I kissed him. I said, "That was a friendly kiss. Are we friends?" He said, "Yes." I said, "You can be my boyfriend someday." He said, "When?" I said, "You may kiss me again." He said, "Why?" I said, "Because I want you to." He said, "I don't really like to kiss." I said OK. We were walking to a show and he stopped and said, "Why don't you kiss me?" I said, "Because I want you to kiss me." So he did. When he left, some punk rock guy took me into the bathroom and sat me on his lap in a stall. I

had a popsicle and he took it out of my hand. "Hey, give that popsicle back to me!" I was sucking it then he was sucking it, then I was sucking his finger and then there was a tongue in my mouth that wasn't my own. A girl came in and sat in the stall next to ours. Pssss! went her pee. Shhhh! I whispered to my evil stall-mate. I was wearing a garter belt and stockings under my dress. White eyelet panties. He slipped his hand under my dress and his fingers were all dirty and calloused and he put his hands between my thighs and--oh!--slipped one dirty finger in, then two, moved them around. I stopped him. He said, "Oh, well, OK, that's cool--you have morals. I respect that." I don't know about if I have morals, but I wasn't ready for sex yet that night. I found another boy, and he was Jewish. He was nervous. I ran my hand up and down his thigh, and leaned into him and I kept whispering "Jew" in his ear. I wanted to be a depraved memory to him. I squeezed him between the legs, he was hard; I said it (Jew) at the same time. I wanted him to remember that the next time his mother brought up his Jewishness. Then this other punk rock guy and I went to the punk house in Portsmouth, and we were both broken-hearted, and I got wicked fucked in the cellar. He was saying so many cliches about how I was turning him on, I called him my '70s man. But I like him. After, he kept saying he wants to buy me a steak dinner tomorrow, while assuring me that he didn't want to "buy me." ?? He is so far from knowing anything about me. I'm on a mission. I'm not sure what kind, but it definitely doesn't involve getting money or steak dinners out of people. When the sun goes down is when the wind blows through my veins. I can feel the night speaking to me, and I can only answer it through other humans. They're my writing paper and sex is my ink. I think my mission is to find something out--but what??? I'd like to be monogamous. I want to be good. I see a sea of strangers and I feel like they're all mine. Fucking--rutting-- is good because you let someone else inside your body, and they're IN you; drugs are good because you put them IN you, you let them in your brain, in your bloodstream, and they fill you with something other than you. But there is something stronger than that, it is loneliness. Aloneness IN you above and beyond everything else, entwined with anything else coursing through your passages. It (aloneness) waits in all your holes, waiting to pounce on the new enemy that has come to try to destroy it! And so the cock is being simultaneously sucked in and forced out of me. I am a thrill-seeker. What have I found? A headache. And still I ride, on my mad red beast of the night ...nothing holds me here, I might as well be a wild cowboy, charging down the entire world. Lassoing your love in--yeeeeweee!

20 July 1988

I woke up still dreaming. Jean-Louis awoke at the same moment. Streetlights tossed half-light arrows around the bedroom. I was hot and so was Jean-Louis. I turned my body around so that my sex was near his mouth and his near mine, but I did not want him to touch me. My two hands ran from my knees to my belly, inside my thighs. I opened my sex with my hands, one finger inside. It was soaked as only in dreams. My cream made the bed below my ass wet. I dipped one finger into the stuff, and then my whole hand, hard. I



was panting on Jean-Louis's cock, my breathing was so hard I'm sure he felt each gasp like a needle. I could feel his rasping too. He was stroking his cock quickly and desperately. We were both insane for an orgasm, as if we had been born only for that--which we had, if each sleep is a death and each awakening a rebirth. We had woken up into sex-light and sex-heat and sex-air. We fucked and fucked ourselves and then he could see by my twisting legs and my quickening yelps that my orgasm was soon to course through my limbs and move like lightning does to water, to the wetness in the cavern between my twitching legs. He became so excited with the sights and the smells and his own hand that he came, and I came at the same moment, my hand in up to the wrist. Our two separated stomachs contracted, as if kicked, at the same time, we shouted as if one, just-slaughtered beast, and then lay back in our own pools, contented, and each fell back into his own dreams amid echoing, lessening contractions. When we awoke in the morning, Jean-Louis said, "Was that real or a dream?"

15 December 1996

Went to a fetish show in Boston with Jessica Hundley, Phil and Will. I paid \$5 for six slaps from a cute girl. There was a little wooden horse to bend over. I kept saying harder, please, but she was still all light and dainty. Then they brought Big Mama in! She was fat, about 38 years old, 4'10", and had BIG MAMA magic-markered on her forehead! She was winding up, telling me to get ready 'cause I was about to get the spanking of my life, doing this bizarre rolling thing with her shoulders, and then she like shoved my butt! I couldn't believe it. I was trying hard not to laugh so I wouldn't hurt her pride in being Big Mama. Then we went to the fetish club. I got kicked out of the bathroom twice. It seems there was a man in there, and three women, and I was threatening to beat them all up!!! People were naked all over the place, getting whipped and stuff. And then when Will slapped my face we got kicked out because they said we were too tough! I was flinging my arms wide open (drunk) and yelling at the top of my lungs as they carried me up the stairs, "There's a WIDE world out there, you know--a whole wide world!" And there is. Fetish people suck. They actually said to us that spankings and whippings are about trust. I thought they were about getting *hurt*, because it feels good. If you want trust, why are you gonna go around getting hit? But I guess I'm not a fetish person, so I wouldn't understand. Oh, Will was mad at me too. He sent me over to pick

up this girl, but she had a sort of guardian, a nice boyfriend with fangs. He'd had them put in that day at the dentist's, and they had plans to enjoy them alone that night. She wasn't allowed to look at me or talk to me, so I was doing all the talking to him, and supposedly running my hand along his spine "lovingly" (Will's word). But I really just felt sisterly toward him. Except, of course, that he was a stranger. A fanged stranger. How am I supposed to know all the etiquette of setting up an orgy? Sheesh. Anyway, at Jessica's party later, Tulle was following us around, and when Will and I went into a room, she came in and laid down on the bed between us. (Later we learned that it was the room of a

born-again Christian.) She had all these prerequisites--she didn't want her boots off, she didn't want Will to come in her mouth. Weird and businesslike. So I ripped a huge hole in the crotch of her tights that she had just told me were really expensive. How else were you supposed to get at her if she kept her boots on? Will was irritated, kind of slapping her around. I wonder if she liked it. I was even cruel too, which is completely unlike me. I was pinching her!! She kept on talking! Will told her to shut up, and when she made a little joke a minute later, I told her to shut up too. It was interesting watching him do stuff to her, like watching myself have sex with him. She has nice breasts, an enthusiastic girl despite all her arranging. Earlier, I'd done a lot of breakdancing to Michael Jackson. Now that's really fun!

I was this guy that made me think of publishing sex diary entries, because where is his recognition?

13 March 1998

I made it back to Rick's at 2 AM. He was lazing on his top bunk like a cat, eyes half-closed. Kate and Tommy and Chance were there, all high. I smoked. Didn't drink. No word was exchanged between Rick and me. I think it's funny how shy we are. I talk to anyone but him, but I'm thinking of him, waiting till everyone else is gone. So, everyone left and we took off our clothes and got in that beautiful bed. Well, I guess it's not actually a beautiful bed, but for me it's a flying bed of pleasure, gliding through tunnels of different times and space! Oh man. Oh diary. Oh god. He is a genius. He is the Bach of sex, the Edison. He is a doctor, a friend and myself all combined, and he's doing stuff to me.... I'm getting tingly and weak-kneed just remembering, almost a week later. I can barely sit in this chair. OK, OK. You know how most men have like nine techniques each for cunnilingus, fingering and fucking, and the really good ones have 19? Well, he has about 98! He doesn't have to be always doing new stuff--I would be totally satisfied if he just did the old stuff to me again and again and again. But there is new stuff. Ahem...female ejaculation is not a myth! I thought I was peeing. I said, "Stop! Stop! I'm peeing the bed!" He said, "No you're not." I didn't believe him, so he just did it to me again! I said, "Is this normal? Do other women do it?" He said some can. He learned how to do it by watching a video! You can see that he is very dedicated! So anyway, he wouldn't stop. I felt like I was in an electric chair and I'd go up in smoke. *Then* he takes the condom out! We hadn't even gotten to coitus yet! Man oh man! I layed back and just sighed--I was so happy. I mean just *happy*, every millimeter of me was happy, and I couldn't believe I was gonna be allowed *more* happiness. I guess he thought I was sighing with irritation at how long he goes: he said, "If you want to go to sleep now, I don't mind. I'm happy just like this." What a gentleman! He'd just been waiting for me to come back from my date, and then he'd spent an hour doing stuff to me, and he asked for nothing in return! I assured him that I did indeed wanna fuck. So we did. I thought I was limber, but this guy's made out of a rubber band! Sometimes I didn't even know if it was a leg or an arm doing I didn't know what to me. He does weird positions! Ones you would think would be uncomfortable but they're not. He held down my wrists and strangled me and all that stuff I love. I don't know why, but he always comes with a combination of it--fucking, hands and mouth. Whatever--I'm not gonna complain! Whatever he wants is A-OK by me! We fell asleep with his finger in my cunt, which is a sweet feeling. I got up about ten minutes later, 5:30 AM, because I didn't want Wolfgang to wake up without me at Amy's. I took a cab. I love that feeling--hailing

a cab just before dawn, in disarray, and everyone knows what you've been doing. Sex like a cloud around your head.... I got to Amy's and she said, "Do you want to take a shower?" I said no, because I probably just had an hour to sleep before Wolf woke up. When I did wake up and go to the bathroom, I saw why she'd encouraged me to shower: I was in blackface! There was K-Y mixed with black blanket lint all over my face and neck. (I dove into that blowjob with my entire face, neck, chest, thighs, hands, everything. I was real happy about sucking that cock!) Plus I had on a dried sperm halter top. He'd spread it all over my chest. It was nice. I was trying to feed Amy's cat flecks of dried sperm out of my hair, which strikes me now as possibly rude, but in my sex haze, I wanted everyone to join in. All my jewelry broken off and lost. The whole next day everyone thought I was high. Who needs sleep when you have Dick Rocket? This is what I want to think about when I'm 90 years old on my deathbed. Oh yeah--also I got a spanking on my down-there (and I don't mean the bum). Awesome! God I love that kind of body too--nothing but a bunch of skin and bones with a big head on top. He is just the cat's pajamas, that is exactly what he is. I'm a fan of him.

or working out math problems this greatly, he'd be nice

CHANCE PROVENCAL

November 22, 1994 (19 years old)

What a weird night! Rob and Bill showed up at 2 AM. We ended up going down to the beach near my house. Bill said that he wanted to see my scar from the surgery, but I told him that I wasn't allowed to take the bandages off until next week. We got a hotel room and all got naked and into the bed. I couldn't take my bra off because it would hurt too much, and Bill and Rob were making fun of me. We played "whose hand is where." I was lying in between them and I had to guess whose hand was where on my body. After that, Rob left to go get more beer, god knows where at 4 AM. I think it was a plan to have me and Bill be alone. Bill had an iced tea and started pouring it all over me and licking it off. My bra was getting soaked and my pain-killers were wearing off, but I didn't care. Rob came back and started having sex with me while I gave Bill a blow-job, then Rob and Bill switched off. It would've been a fun night if Rob hadn't punched Bill in the face. We were kind of wrestling--actually it was the two of them holding me down while I tried to get away--and Bill accidentally hit my boob. I know he didn't mean it and he apologized, but it hurt a lot and I started crying so Rob got pissed and started yelling at him: "I told you to be careful!" Rob and I went to take a shower, I figured since my bra was soaked with tea I might as well. It was a shower-stall deal where Rob and I kept trying to figure out a comfortable position to have sex in. After five minutes, he laid on his back with his legs against the shower wall and I got on top of him. He kept complaining about his back though, so it wasn't even fun. Bill was singing "The Ballad of Jane" by LA Guns at the top of his lungs and I couldn't stop laughing. We eventually had to stop because neither one of us was going to cum. I came out and started dancing around while Bill continued to sing. When he was done I started screaming and telling him what a great singer he was, then I pretended to pass out, but when I fell I hit the metal frame of the bed and started bleeding. I thought I cracked my skull or something. They both started freaking, but it didn't really hurt. I put on some clothes and left to go get some ice. I was heading back when I realized I had no idea what room we were in or even what side of the hall it was on. I decided to sit in the hall and wait. Finally Rob opened the door and saw me. I feel like

shit this morning. My head aches and my chest is killing me. I think I ruined my bra. I'll have to go back to the doctor and get a new one. I think I'll try to get some more painkillers too.

(Update: Every threesome I've ever done is a disaster. With Brian and Jeff, Jeff threw up over the entire room. I swear his head must've spun like Linda Blair's because it was on all four walls, the venetian blinds, the bed and the floor. It was even worse because he had been drinking Killian's Red, and that shit stains. Brian and I had to repaint and carpet the entire room. At one point Brian yelled at me that I shouldn't've done this because I fucked Jeff until he threw up. To this day, I wonder if that was a compliment or an insult.)

JESSICA WILLIS

6/5--6/6 1985 (17 years old)

Jon and I went to Wayside parking lot to talk. He opened up to me. He's sex-crazed, a free spirit, unable to hold on. We talked about love, rage and indifference. About how matter never is destroyed. He told me he wanted to be a sex organ. Then he asked if I would give him a blow job. I told him no. I told him how if a woman sucks on a cough drop before going down, the guy would get a "hot fudged sundae" feel--the cold of the menthol, the heat of the blow job. He asked if I had any cough drops. I told him to take me somewhere and fuck me. We went down the driveway of the old age home and fucked in the Camovette. I always wanted to do that. We could have fucked all night. I let him come inside me. He was afraid I'd get pregnant, but it's too soon after my period. I wanted him to hit me, he refused. Finally he slapped me in the face once. Then I went home. Incidentally, I'm graduating with honors. What a joke. But I am. Psyche. Jon tells me he's never been in love. His ultimate goal is to own a ski area to teach his kids to ski and to be a trainer. He's leaving for Texas June 8th. I'll miss him. I really will. I could love him, I really could.

LIBBY

July 9, 1996 (22 years old)

OH...OH... Woke up by the telephone at around 11--*Chris!* I asked him to come over. We listened to music, talked, smoked, got into bed. And then...at first it was like all the other (well, four) nights, we laid there close together with everything touching, without moving. I layed my hand on his chest, started moving--things started moving a little quicker as we started feeling each other's faces with soft hands and eyes closed. My fingers passed over his lips and I thought I might die--he started feeling my fingers with his tongue. He moved his hand so that I could do the same. It was some sort of kissing. It was strange and erotic. We started in closer, a little faster, with our faces pressed together--he has his mouth on my face, is kissing my nose, our mouths almost touching each other and then--finally touching, kissing, licking. We kissed for a long time, feeling our way around for the first time. The way he touched me, we touched each other, was different than *anything*. It was what I imagined it would/could be if only it would happen. It was so different, it felt vital and *undead*. We had our hands everywhere, he was so unclumsy. Afterward he lay there, looking me in the eyes and says, "You're beautiful." I kiss him, make him laugh. I say, "Slow is good, see what I mean?" He says, "That was nice. I haven't just kissed anyone like that in a long time." He seems surprised. We looked at each other a lot--that was one of the

nicest parts, that we *could* look each other in the eye, although we couldn't without smiling. Chris put on D.R.I., then says he can't sleep. We stay up until it gets light out. I think I slept an hour or two. It was really beautiful. A lot of the time I spent completely into it or reminding myself that yes, it was *actually happening*.

August 8? 1996

Chris has a way in him/to him/about him that I've only ever seen in my brother. *I've always wanted that--Ben and everyone will vouch for that.* I love you. I won't die for you, but I will share my life with you. *He put his hand between my legs and said. "Don't move."* I struggled for an eternity with myself, my will, my sex *not to move*. We fought each other as hard as we could. It hurt everywhere. I started to hate him, wanted to cum more than anything in the world--I wanted to *move*. I wanted it. I felt hate and rage. I thought, "I hate you hate you hate you." Put all of that energy against him, against the orgasm.

Later he says (drunk): "I love you I love you I love you, sometimes you make me perfectly happy. I want you to sleep here forever. I love you like the Pixies. I have a fantasy that I'll wake up in the middle of the night and you'll be there."

JENNY MAE

September 19, 1990 (22 years old)

The woman in the apartment next door called me yesterday afternoon and asked if I wanted to have a drink with her. My boyfriend had gone to work until 9 so I said sure. She came in a thin nightgown with a bottle of champagne. It was hot, very hot, and I had fans blowing everywhere. She said she felt like drinking and didn't want to do it alone. We drank the bottle and she went back to her apartment for another. We were giggly and buzzed up. She said she always carried a gun on her no matter what. Since she was in the nightgown and it was see-through, she took my hand and said, "Feel it." It was in her panties. She pulled it out. It was very tiny and pearly. She said it was her grandmother's. A few drinks later she took my hand and put it on her crotch and said, "Feel this." It was hot. I didn't know what she wanted me to do. I told her I hadn't been with a woman, and she asked me to have sex with her and her boyfriend. I said no, especially because her boyfriend looked like the lead singer of Stone Temple Pilots. We were piss drunk at this point and I told her I would have sex with her, though. We went to the bed and she started stroking my feet with her feet. Right about that time I knew I was going to be sick from the booze, and I ran to the bathroom. She came in and threw up and I threw up in the bathtub. We were laughing though.

JESSICA HUNDLEY

Jan. 1st, 1983 YEA! (12 years old)

At the party we played this game, everyone had to figure out who was kissing. One person in the middle of the room would be blindfolded and then three people kiss them, and the person would decide who kissed best. I won like a thousand times. *Awesome.* There's this kid Ricky Nye and we made out like hell! I *love* him, he's wicked cute and wicked nice, *but I also love (still) Chris.* For some reason I have a special bond to him! Life's a bitch. Well sometimes. Guess what Brian said? *Frenching is unsanitary!* Well fuck (my favorite word) him! I must be off. Did you know that I made out with six boys today? Now you do! Bye!--Jess the Flirt

It's not his face, pale sick thin Irish, maybe stronger than I see--I try not to look at his eyes which are smug and green and slanted like a cat. He watches me his head lowered those eyes sitting in a bed of girl's thick lashes. I can't stand up straight and suddenly all I can see are my hands, smooth bulbs of flesh that have nothing to do with me. I never worried about my hands--the weight of my limbs, the position of my feet, whether I'm chewing with my mouth full and all the while fighting it. Using too much energy on hands--I giggle like a child, without reason--nervously. Fucking is a thing all its own--it's only long hair and long thin fingers, hands covered in veins...small, powerful. He doesn't want me silent and I don't care, I can love them any way they need but sometimes I lose his frenzied childish rhythm without wanting to. He kisses me on the forehead, like a mother, all innocence and trust. I'm stunned then smug and then I pity him--loving me without needing me. Someone else can find him. It is only forever in transition--an absence to immersion. Emerging dazed and slightly discomforted--as it always is when you peel your skin back for someone. Someone who has already fingered your mind and fucked your soul. Or so they think.

MICHELLE ROBINSON

3/7/98 (30 years old)

Douchebag Larry called last night. I was already a good hour into a pill and beer-induced shitface so I told him he'd have to catch me earlier or no go. I like to get started early when I have party favors. Besides, it was Lesbo-a-Go-Go Night down at Flo's.

Thinking back, it seems that every time we've ever fucked, we've had to do it doggy-style because he doesn't have much to work with. And when it's over, I'm left with having to top myself off in the shower. Unfortunately for me, Larry doesn't own one of those hand-held showerheads and the water pressure is extremely low. Also, his trailer's not hooked up to the city water supply--it's well water, stinky rotten-egg water. No orgasm.

3/10/98

Larry called and asked if I would meet him later up at Monty's for drinks and for some strange reason I said yes. Arrived there around 6 and found myself in a teeming landscape of grey flannel, baby lawyers and stockbrokers with their toothy blond girlfriends; the odd token punk or two huddled in the corner. After an hour of waiting I was ready to leave, seething with the thought of washing my hands of him forever. Then suddenly, like a ghost, he appeared at my shoulder muttering his apologies. I ordered a double bourbon and decided I was going to have a little revenge.

45 minutes later, having grown bored with the scenery, we decided to take a little drive down to the river, he in his car, I in mine. Went to a secluded spot we used to frequent early in our mock-courtship. Larry's never been one for small talk so it didn't take long to get him in the mood. I removed my pantyhose, leaned the seat back as far as it would go and raised my legs, at which point he immediately took his cue to do a little oral exploring of my nether regions. After about 10 minutes of this he came up for air, lowered his pants and crawled over to mount me. That's when I looked at my watch and announced that it was time for me to leave. I pulled up my hose, smoothed down my skirt and without so much as a *thank you, kiss my ass, good-bye*, I jumped out, got into my car and left, burning rubber on the way.

3/11/98

Out of blue Tom calls today. Haven't heard from him in eons!

Says he wants to send plane tix again so I can fly out to his place in Irvine. Tom's a district sales manager for a major pharmaceutical company by day, S & M role-playing freak by night. To look at the guy you'd never guess it. He's got a small fortune invested in sex toys, everything under the sun in leather, PVC and rubber. Last time I was out there I got a crash course in bondage fantasy role-playing. By the end of the night, every orifice of my body was plugged with a gadget of one kind or another. Unfortunately his three Siamese cats were jumping all over us the whole time and I couldn't really get into it (and subsequently ended up doing my little routine in the shower after he fell asleep). Anyway, it seems he's acquired a straightjacket and he's all set to have me fly out there for a weekend and break it in doing a crazy person/therapist fantasy. I'm giving it some thought.

MATT BACON

I feel like hell. Last night/this morning I made the mistake of having sex with an ex-girlfriend. Actually I'm not feeling as bad as I will when this hangover wears off--if it wears off. The sex wasn't even close to good and I couldn't sleep after. I layed there still until I could think of a reason to kick her out. I knew the second I saw her I'd end up going home with her. I told her while I was fucking her I'd do it again later. I knew I was lying. I did my part but had no interest in doing it again. I never do. At least I know I won't see her again, I made that perfectly clear.

Editor's note: goddam, what's this guy's phone number? I gotta have a piece of that action!

DUCKY DOOLITTLE

June 3rd, 1996 (26 years old)

Dear Diarhea, I spended the day jerking off to hobo frowns and honking horns! Strings of wieners! Monkeys in diapers! *Oh Daffy Duck!* Today I watched Daffy Duck and became so much sexually attracted to him! I want he should have the cock suck job! Pulling on his tail feathers! Pull them out with my teeth! He has a real swinging in his walk and would make for a sweet transvestite! And a white collar around his neck! You know I would fuck him! He sings the most delightful songs too and gets hit over the head all the time! I think he's totally into cocooning and abandonment! I should tie him up real tight in a sheet! Wrap him with duct tape and leave him! He'd love that shit! Hot hostage! PePe Le Pew come around and sniff my underbelly and then Daffy jealous! I could tease him. I can stand on his puffy chestness then stuck bananas in my twat and break them in half with my pussy muscles! Fruit salad! I'd stuff my dirty panties in his beak. I get a carton of thick Cadbury eggs cheap after easter and force him to watch me digest them with my butch. Oh! Like a real girl duck would! But backwards! Spit them out all melted, sticky and twat tainted chocolate! Maybe ducks have nipples?! I need to shave him to find out! I can't count how many times I am orgasming! My fingers are wrinkley! I go crazy! Things blur! I can't say it all. I don't know if one orgasm begins and another ends! I just go!

The following diary was found by Paisley Franklin at Value Village and donated to RD by Sean Elliott. The entire diary is reprinted here. We can only wonder if Bob left and a fetal alcohol syndrome child was born or if love conquered all.

•November 2, '96

Tonight I went to Stardust roller rink and met a great guy! His

name is Bob. He is 15 years old & he is drop dead gorgeous! We hit it off right away. Bob started shit with a guy & I had to tell him to calm down. When I did that I looked into his eyes & wanted to kiss him so bad! When couple skates was on we skated together & fell. It was so funny! Later on he asked me out & of course I said yes. We went outside & made out. He is the best kisser I ever had! That's all!

November 5

Today Bob finally called! I asked who it was & he said he has never called & then I knew it was him. He was in jail when he called and had to go to court the next day. I prayed to god he would be out skating the next day. That's all!

November 6

My prayer came true. He was there! I gave him a picture of me & I wrote I Love You on it. When he read it at first he didn't catch it but when he read it again he did. Then he told me he loved me! That made me so happy I almost died! I asked him if he was serious & he said he doesn't lie about stuff like that. That's all!

November 16

Today Bob came over for the first time. We had so much fun. One thing I know is that he will never pressure me into anything sexual because he waited until I said I wanted sex & of course we did! After that we brought up what we talked about before--having a baby together. I know he will stay with me of course nothing can break our love! That's all!

November 29

I am so worried about Bob. He ran away. I've been crying all day! I just pray to God he's OK. If anything happens to him or if I lose him, I will probably lose myself! I cannot even imagine going on without him in my life!

November 30

On Sat, 14 Mar 1998, Lisa Carver wrote:

> I just decided to publish in the next RD actual photocopies of diary
> entries describing sex. Got any you want to submit? Feel free to cross
> out incriminating names/dates/places. But it has to be an actual
> photocopy, not done on computer.
>

^R(So I WOULD KNOW IT'S AUTHENTIC)

sorry lisa

but i don't keep a diary
let alone have sex
lucas

Bob's OK. He went home today. He told me the only reason why he came home was because of me. That's all!

December 2

Today is our 1-month anniversary. I went to his house. After we had sex 3 times, we were lying in his bed naked, cuddling & having a smoke! Now that we are trying to have a baby, we are totally committed. I love him so much! He did a big surprise around dinner time. He got dressed up and set a nice romantic dinner in his room. I started to cry but I don't think he noticed. He did a toast & it was so romantic. He said this is for us & our relationship & our bundle of joy to come & his love for me! After that I knew what I wanted & that is to say with him 4ever! That's all!

December 4

Today Bob & I got totally fried! Our sex was so good today! We also picked our TV shows! They are Smurfs & the Burlington Bears! That's so cool! I also met his mom today! She's really cool! That's all!

December 6

Today Brandy & I became B-F's. My dad got us 2 40's & Bob, me, Brandy, Lisa & Ken were totally wasted. It was a good night but when I got home I was grounded! I'm 18 & grounded! My mom is such a bitch! That's all.

December 10

Bob & I are in competition with Brandy & Brandon on how many times we can have sex in a day! Of course Bob & I will win! I was really upset today cause I thought Bob was going to leave me but he's not cause he loves me lots! I guess I was just going through a pregnant woman mood! Brandy told me that when Bobby talks about me it sounds like I'm a god's gift to men! That's so cool! Tara + Bob = Love for eternity! That's all!



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December 11

Tonight was awesome at skating even though I got kicked out! Tonight Bob gave me a diamond necklace & earrings and I know now he really cares & loves me. We are very close now & hopefully if I'm P.G. it will bring us closer. That's all!

December 12

Today was really sad cause I got my friend so that means I'm not PG! Fuck! I told Bob & he was cool about it! Tomorrow we are going to it a lot because we want each other really bad! Brandy told me that when you just start your period & do it you have a 99.99% chance at getting PG. So Bob & me are going to do it until he is totally cleaned out! He will be really sore but he says that don't matter cause something good will come out of it! A baby! I love Bob very much. That's all!

December 14

I only had my friend 1 day so I could be PG. I'll find out on Friday. Today me, Bob, Brandy & Lisa got really drunk! Specially me! I can't even remember coming home from the park. I fell 3 times & got bruises to prove it! That's all!

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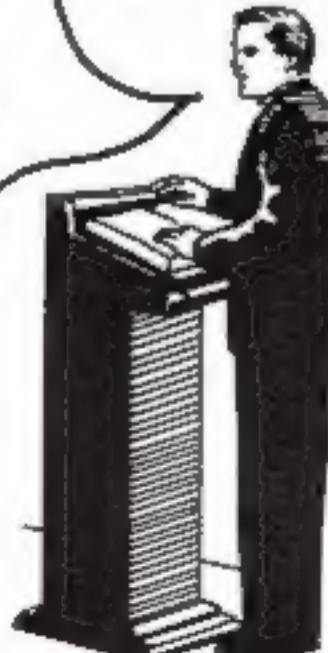
Obituaries

Think about how you will live your life and what people will say about you after you die. Write your own obituary.

by Jenny Mae



She was preserved beautifully in Bourbon. She loved dogs, parakeets and fish very much, and she never missed anybody's parties. She was one of the best looking women in her weight class and age group. She would get really drunk and break things. In the morning, she blamed it on a girl named Jenny Honeysuckle. We'll miss you, Honey Suckle.



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